

Dolce Vita (Although Sometimes Life Gives You Lemons): A Collection by zebracakes

Category: Captain America - All Media Types, John Wick (Movies), Marvel, Marvel Cinematic Universe, Rogue One: A Star Wars Story (2016), Star Wars - All Media Types, Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens (2015), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Angst, Barista Reader, Blood, Canon-Typical Violence, Canonical Character Death, Cassian finally finds happiness! he deserves it, Christmas, Christmas Fluff, Coffee Shops, Dancing, Demonic Possession, Drinking, Drunkenness, F/M, Fake Marriage, Fake/Pretend Relationship, Falling In Love, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Fluff and Humor, Friendship, Gen, Heavy Angst, Holidays, Kissing in the Rain, Life day, Love, Male-Female Friendship, Minor Character Death, Platonic Female/Male Relationships, Rain, Romantic Fluff, Sad, Sick Character, Sickfic, Slow Dancing, Soft John Wick, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Tropes, Waffles, bb-8 is probably asleep, drunk and sad, here's some fluff bc y'all need a break, the way he....and the way you....iconique, this makes singin' in the rain give a run for its money!~, true life: being in the alliance is hard, will add more characters as this progresses

Language: English

Characters: BB-8 (Star Wars), Baze Malbus, Bodhi Rook, Cassian Andor, Chirrut Îmwe, Eleven (Stranger Things), Helen (John Wick), James Wesley, Jessika Pava, Jim "Chief" Hopper, John Wick, Jyn Erso, Karé Kun, Poe Dameron, Reader, Temmin "Snap" Wexley, Winston (John Wick)

Relationships: Cassian Andor/Reader, James "Bucky" Barnes & Reader, Jim "Chief" Hopper/Reader, John Wick/Reader, Poe Dameron/Reader

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Summary:

Sometimes we must endure the sour before we could taste the sweet in life. Another fun filled collection with a wide range of characters based on requests by my readers.

1. Make A Splash (Poe Dameron/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

Request: Could you do a Poe Dameron fic with the prompt of #26 from the Drabble prompt? It would be like it's a rainy day and the reader & Poe go play in the rain and all that fluff :)

You suggest that the two of you play outside in the puddles instead of being stuck indoors. Though reluctant, your boyfriend gives into your suggestion. Poe's glad he made the right decision.

Notes for the Chapter:

hope y'all enjoy this new collection of mine! consider leaving some love in the forms of comments and kudos down below ♡

“You’re a fucking child.”

“I simply suggested that we should go splash in the puddles outside, damn.”

You place your hands on your hips and shake your head in disappointment.

“You may be the best damn pilot in the galaxy but you sure don’t know how to have fun.” You roll your eyes and go back to watching the rain drop down outside the hangar. Poe settles near you then places his head on your shoulder and brushes your neck with his curly, soft hair.

Being grounded during inclement weather sucks. You couldn’t go off with Black Squadron and fly towards your next mission. If the General said you had to stay put until further notice, well, you don’t question the General.

So you had to make due in the mean time.

“It’s just rain, Poe. Are you afraid that the rain is going to ruin your good looks or what?” You shrug to lift up Poe’s head and face him with a silly smile and a click of your tongue.

“You know I look good wet, babe. You’ve seen me.” Poe winks at you. You raise your finger and close your eyes. He had to bring up that one time you two tried experimenting with something different.

“Not fair.” You walk backwards away from Poe. You move your hands back and forth, luring him to come with you. Poe places his hands in his pockets with a grin on his lips.

“You know you want to,” you sing at him, making more advanced hand gestures to keep the temptation going. Poe bites down on his bottom lip and ultimately gives into your shenanigans. He takes his hands out of his pockets which you eagerly take into your own. You guide him out of the safety of the hangar into the downpour of D’Qar.

Almost immediately the two of you get your clothes soaking wet. Poe’s hair begins to welt from the rain and your hair begins to stick to your skin. You drop his hand and start to sprint down the tarmac, leaping into the puddles feet first. You splash Poe which makes he get his revenge back at you. He splashes you from the same puddle you’re in and you laugh.

The rain lightens up into a steady stream of water. You go from one puddle to the next, skipping and kicking up water to watch it all splash. Poe does the same, marching down next to you and kicks up the water when you least expect it. You cut Poe off by darting in front of him and skipping towards the other side. Poe catches up to you and lifts you up from the ground to spin you around. The rain continues to fall on your bodies as you both giggle at Poe’s actions.

He stops, setting you back on your feet, and touches his forehead onto yours. You stare into Poe’s eyes, glittering even if the sun is not out. Gently, Poe rests his hand on your neck and pulls you closer into a kiss. You wrap your arms around his neck and fall into the sweetness of his touch. This was a picturesque moment that you hope would never end but not everything in the Resistance is personal anymore.

You hear a round of applause coming from the hangar. A few whistles and an eager “yeah!” makes you smile midway into the kissing.

“Why don’t you two go get a room?” Karé yells out, shaking her head and laughing at the two of you. You stick out your hand to give her the middle finger and continue to deepen your kiss with Poe.

“Don’t forget to use tongue!” Snap continues to clap which makes Jess roll her eyes and elbow him on his rib.

“Snap! That’s our dad you’re talking about!”

Poe breaks the kiss because of his chuckles at his team members. You rest your head on his chest as you, too, join him.

And to think Poe didn’t want to join you in the rain.

Notes for the Chapter:

be sure to leave a comment and kudos!! thank u for supporting me

2. Dude, Where's My Cat? (Matt Murdock/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Writing prompt #2 with Matt Murdock | "I know it's 3 in the morning, but I can't find my cat"

After coming home from his short night of vigilante activities, Matt finds that his newly adopted stray cat has gone missing. There's only one way to narrow down the search: enlist the help of someone who is up at this hour.

Notes for the Chapter:

went overboard because i love cats. hope u like pumpkin

Matt never thought he would be a cat owner.

He discovered the cat on the fire escape stairs when he was about to go on his "nightly routine". Starved, dehydrated, and in desperate need of love and care, it was hard to say no to the cat. Gently, Matt smoothed talked the cat to come closer to him. The cat was intrigued by him, meowing at the sudden sweet tone. As soon as the cat got in close proximity of his hand, Matt grabbed the four legged creature and went back inside his apartment.

"Oh, hey there, you're a big cat, aren't you?" Matt asked, using a voice an octave up than usual. The cat responded with a drawn out "mrow".

Since Matt normally doesn't pick up strange cats, he found a can of tuna in the cupboard and two bowls that he could use for food and water. The cat stayed in the one position Matt put them in and meowed excitedly when they heard the sound of a can opening. He put the food down near the couch to start and went back into the kitchen to fill the other bowl with water. The cat sends an electric purr as they eat. Matt found comfort in a noise he hadn't heard in awhile. He stroked the top of the cat as they continue to eat the tuna.

Then he remembered that it's still nighttime.

He's still in his Daredevil garb.

The world didn't stop moving just because Daredevil got a new cat.

He forced himself to stop squatting near the cat and get back to work. This cat would be fine on their own, right? Cats are known to be independent. Plus, this cat had water and shelter so they wouldn't have any reason to want to be anywhere else.

Matt faced the cat again as they were drinking water.

"Don't light this place on fire, you hear me?" Matt tried to be stern but the cat rubbed up against his leg. Taking this as confirmation to his question, Matt walked up the stairs back to the roof and into the city.

If only Matt had calculated the last blow the man he was fighting, he wouldn't have gotten hurt. Applying pressure to the arm wound, Matt slithered out of the abandoned warehouse, and back home to patch himself up. It was a slow night so he allowed this opportunity to happen. Maybe he can get a few pets in with his new cat before heading back out. The warehouse wasn't too far away from the apartment complex which made for record time back from his "job".

As he got to the top of the roof access, Matt sensed a breeze coming from the door he used. Wait, how was that possible? He was sure he had closed it before he left. Well, maybe this isn't a bad thing. The cat was more than content with the new pad. Just when he entered inside, Matt heard nothing from his apartment. No cat feet walking about, no sounds of tongue to water, nothing.

"Hey, cat," Matt announced to the apartment, hoping the cat may have been outside of his hearing range. When no meows replied to him, Matt continued to search the room. Not in the bathroom, nor the bedroom. He checked his clock to see what time it was.

"3:01 A.M.," the automated voice from the clock spoke.

Sighing, Matt returned back to the middle of the room and placed his

hands to his hips. Matt realized soon enough that the cat may have tried to follow him when he walked up the stairs to the roof. The cat was probably wondering around the apartment but with the city that seems to never rest, this would be incredibly hard to track down one sound of walking cat feet. Matt closed his eyes to try and find some sort of sign of life in the apartment complex. SnORES, rustling of blankets and sheets, the sounds of intimacy...sometimes he wish he didn't have this hypersensitivity.

But one noise in particular made Matt listen more closely. The sound of soft music and shuffling feet confirmed who he could ask. Following the sound, the music getting ever so closer, Matt knocked affirmatively yet quietly to not disturb the other neighbors. He quickly took off his mask to seem more approachable and not too scary. Soon, the door opened up.

"Oh, jeez, is my music too loud? My gosh," you huffed as you heard someone at your door. Just as you opened up the door, you are taken aback by seeing Daredevil at your door.

"My music is really that loud, I suppose." You pursed your lips then pop them. The man smiled at your stream of words but then shook his head.

"No, no, uh, your music is just fine. I just, um...this might sound incredibly weird but I heard that you were awake and I needed someone's help."

Your eyes shoot out your socket at this request. "Daredevil? Needing a random civilian's help? A first."

"You can call me, Matt. Daredevil's just the nickname." Matt extended his arm for you to take. You shook it, immediately regretting not wiping your hand beforehand.

"My name is Angel. Excuse the hand, I'm stress baking. So, how can I assist you?"

Matt nodded and took a deep breath. "I know it's 3 in the morning, but I can't find my cat."

You concealed your laughter pretty well but you know Matt probably caught it.

“You...okay, wow, missing cat. I thought I was going to have to get my Iron Man suit from out of the closet,” you sassed at him, making him shrug with a laugh.

“Yeah, not tonight. But the cat mustn’t gone far. They’re kind of a tubby cat,” Matt made a gesture to symbolize a fat cat, “and fluffy?”

You nodded at those descriptions. Not much to go on but it’s a start.

“Do they have a name?” You asked.

Matt shook his head “no”. You nodded your head in thought.

“Well, we can start out on the fire escape. Sometimes the strays like to hang out there.” Agreeing to your advice, you opened the door more open to allow your new friend in. You led him towards the window, propping it open to get outside. You started to holler for the lost cat.

“Here, kitty, kitty!” you sang in a high octave. Matt took his turn to call out for the cat but there was nothing.

“Do you have, like, super hearing, then?” you queried, remembering how he found you in the first place.

“Yeah, something like that.” Matt nodded. You continued up the steps of the fire escape and found yourselves on someone else’s window. The consequences soon came when the window opened in a haste.

“Could you two not? I got work in the morning?” A man in nothing but boxers on waved his balled fist at you two.

“Shut up, Mark, you know you don’t call your mother as often as you should.” You gave him a good stare that made the man back out, defenseless as ever. Matt blinked at the exchange. You rolled your eyes once the window closed.

“Old school rival,” you said nonchalantly. You continued up the stairs

but find that it leads back up to the roof.

“Well, back where I started.” Matt’s voice is filled with sadness but you don’t give up just yet. Suddenly, you two heard the same sound. A low, small meow. You peered over the edge of the stairs to find what appeared to be a orange tabby cat.

“Is the cat round?” Matt touched your shoulder as to help you not fall off the edge.

“Yes.”

“And fluffy?”

“Most definitely.”

You two ran down the steps to get to the level where the cat was. You stopped suddenly to prevent the cat from being scared off.

“Shh! Slowly, and quietly.” Matt heeded your commands as he crouched down to avoid making addition noises. You started to sweet talk the cat, who began to meow.

Yup, that is definitely his cat.

You snatched the cat as they were about to walk away. They don’t fight, however, once they see who you are associated with. You placed your hand under their bottom to support the cat.

“Congrats, it’s a boy!” You beamed at Matt who started to stroke the cat. “What would you like to name him?”

Matt took a few seconds to think about it but couldn’t come up with anything clever.

“I’m not much of a creative type. What would you call him?” Matt threw the question back at you. You stroked the cat’s chin, earning you a lovely little purr.

“How about Pumpkin since he’s very plump and slightly heavy?” The two of you laughed at your comment and Matt told you how fitting of a name Pumpkin is. You started up the steps once again to your

apartment, opening the window a bit wider since you had a cat in your hands. Matt wandered in next, being courteous and closing the window for you.

Turning, you placed Pumpkin on Matt's chest. "I think he wants to be back with his dad."

Matt chuckled when he felt the softness of the cat's fur on his hand. The cat softly pawed at his chin.

"I guess we saved all of Hell's Kitchen tonight," you joked, taking a seat on your worn couch. You watched Matt interact with the cat until your heart almost drops.

"Hey, Matt, uh...I didn't know you were that injured?" You rose from your seat to examine his arm. Sure enough, the wound was back to bleeding a steady stream. In the midst of all this commotion, the wound had stopped bleeding until now. Matt knew he had forgotten to do that before leaving to find you.

"Oh, it's nothing, really," Matt began to babble but you shook your head as you ran into the bathroom to fetch a first aid kit.

"I might not have much but something in here has to work," your voiced trailed off as you find some cleaning solution and what might be gauze. You instructed Matt to take a seat and to take a deep breath.

Even after you clean and patch Matt up, he's still in your apartment with Pumpkin. You talked about your life, his life, what it's like to save the city in your own respects; knowing more about Matt than his alias.

You're glad this cat brought about this friendship.

Notes for the Chapter:

i appreciate all the kudos and comments u send me!
thank you, angels!!

3. Loose Coffee Beans (John Wick/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Hey I've got some more f l u f f for John Wick. Reader works at this cafe and John Wick goes there everyday and orders the same thing bc the first time he went he thought the reader was cute and eventually he asks her out and f l u f f"

Working at the coffee shop had its perks. You always smelled like coffee, got the leftover pastries to take home, and you get to see the handsome regular named John. Sweet Indeed.

Notes for the Chapter:

looking through gifs of keanu reeves...makes me worm. gets a tad sad but definitely picks up.

You've grown accustomed to the bell tied to the top of the front door. Every ring brings out that cheery smile and a greeting that you hope doesn't come off as fake. You try your best to maintain an upbeat spirit but the small coffee shop you call your second home can be a bit overwhelming with many seeking authenticity.

But you wouldn't trade it for the world.

Each customer brings a story, from the indecisive journalist to the iced coffee connoisseur punk musician, and yes, even the rude customers bring something. With every customer, you doodle something that reminds you of them. The small gestures speaks volumes when they see it and smile. Every customer is special.

And you'd be lying if you said you didn't have a favorite.

A man by the name of John comes in every day and orders the same thing: black coffee with two sugars on the side. Without fail, you manage to draw a heart next to his name on the coffee cup. You thought it added a nice and lighthearted touch to this normally

brooding man. Your coworker brought this up once before about having a crush on the man but you playfully jab her side with your elbow.

But maybe she is correct. Maybe? You couldn't tell your true feelings without having to think about the next customer in line.

Mid morning the following day, without skipping a beat, the bell sings and in comes a suit clad man. You whip around from the steamer and proceed to greet the all too familiar customer.

"Good morning, John," you start off along with that award winning smile of yours, "the usual today?"

"You know me too well." John gives you a side smile, sliding the money to you. He walks away to find his favorite spot in the cozy cafe. Another cluster of customers come in, suddenly making the space feel extra small. Your coworker takes the bunch without fail as you manage to make the orders for John and the older woman named Rosario before him. A few minutes after you announce Rosario's order, you cheerfully (but not with too much gusto) call out John's order.

"Order for John at the counter!"

John gets up from the armchair and towards the counter. He swipes the cup to the side as he takes his time to pour the sugars in and stir. That's when John notices that the usual heart next to his name isn't there. You wonder over to the counter to bring the next order. You're taken aback that John is still at the counter. He would be at the armchair by now.

"Hey, there, you waiting for something?" You ask, tilting your head, and crossing your arms across your chest.

"When did you stop loving me?" John questions you, mimicking your own body language. You feel your breath trapped in the back of your throat. What does he mean by that?

"Wha-?" You try to muster out a word but John covers you as he reveals the coffee cup with no heart next to his name. The trapped

breath releases with a long whistle.

“Oh, gosh, how could I have forgotten?” You immediately pull out your Sharpie out from your apron and take the cup to put two hearts next to his name. You put the cap back on the marker with an exaggerated tap.

“Much better?” You playfully query. He hums in agreement, a low laugh bellows from him.

“You know, you’re the only customer I do that for.” You watch John take a sip then stop, almost burning his mouth.

“I, uh, wow...truly honored.” John bows his head a bit, sending you in a pit of giggles. You tell him to hang on for a moment as you prepare another drink so that your coworker doesn’t end your life then and there for not helping her. Agreeing, John waits patiently and admires the work you’re doing. How you command the small workstation, moving from coffee maker to coffee maker in a graceful matter. You made the job look effortless.

And that’s when John knew he had to make a move.

With the last order done, you walk with a pep in your step back to John.

“What made you interested in working at a coffee shop?” John leans forward on the counter. Real smooth.

You place your hands on your waist, exhaling a hyperbolic breath, and leans on the counter along with him. “I could give you an elaborate reason where my parents were coffee farmers and I am the heir to a coffee empire but really, I just needed a job.”

You both laugh at the honesty. You grab a rag that was strategically placed on the cabinet handle to wipe down the counter. You remember that you’re still on the job.

“And what about you, mystery John? What do you do for a living?”

John straightens up a bit and takes another sip of coffee. He probably shouldn’t lead with the truth.

“Mmm, I travel.”

Good cover-up.

You nod as you stop wiping the counter and toss the rag to the side.

“Travel? I wish I had your job. Beats staying in one place for years.” You roll your eyes and groan, bending down to get straws to refill the straw container. John taps his fingers along his cup.

“At least you have some stability.” His tone seems somber. You offer a half smile to him.

“You can start with a dog, you know? Get a routine revolving around them. Great travel buddy, too.” You watch John’s mood change as he remembers something.

“I had the perfect dog. Best dog I could ever ask for. Charismatic, playful, always wagged her tail while eating. I thought it was the most hilarious thing. She was basically my best friend.”

“Had?” You’re almost too afraid to know the answer. You don’t know if this would possibly be triggering to him.

John nods. “Yeah, she died not too long ago.”

“I’m so sorry,” you begin, “I had a dog once. Fluffy. She was one of the greatest things to ever happen to me. You never truly get over it, huh?”

You lean forward on the counter, arms crossed. The two of you share a silence to commemorate your dogs who passed on to the rainbow bridge.

Don’t make this conversation get even sadder, do something.

John clears his throat which grabs your attention.

“Um, I, uh, wow, I am terrible at this,” John whispers under his breath. *Pull it together, dammit.*

Your whole body perks up at how flustered he’s getting. You can feel

your ears burning at the intense wonderment of what John might say.

“There’s this dog sanctuary near my house. It’s a great place and the people who run it are great. I, uh, was wondering...if you would want to go there with me?”

You stop breathing for a second then breathe out slowly. You already have a huge grin on your face at the thought of being around John and dogs would be one hell of a date.

Is this a date? Is this really happening?

“Are you asking me out?” You blurt out, biting your tongue as punishment. John lets out an airy laugh.

“Y-yes. Yes,” John says more firmly. You give an eager nod and begin to exchange details about your date. Before John leaves, he takes one last look at you. You wave at him and smile, giggling a bit at how mesmerized he is of you. He waves back and continues on his way. Your coworker shakes you vigorously.

“Really?! Your John finally asked you out and you two aren’t fucking right in front of the pastry display?” She scoffs and turns back to the coffee maker. You bump her with your shoulder.

“Let’s try not to rush this, okay? We’ll fuck here tomorrow, promise,” you joke to her. You both snort at your comeback. That’s when it really hits you. After all this time of drawing hearts on the man’s coffee cup, you’re finally getting that cliché coffee shop romance. Who knows, maybe you’ll even adopt a dog and live happily ever after.

Who knows.

Notes for the Chapter:

your comments and kudos are greatly appreciated,
honeybees!

4. Yet We Move On (Cassian Andor/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"if you're accepting requests from the prompt list, can u do 34. "If you really love me, you'll let me go" with my babe cassian? u can make it hella angsty if u want lmao"

You knew that you must go through hardships when you are with the Alliance. Those hardships could be such a burden on a relationship but that shouldn't be the end.

Notes for the Chapter:

Angst-y but it turns itself around...and that's what it's all about!

When he became distant, you knew something was up. Maybe the long hours made Cassian on edge. Or perhaps it was the missions he started to receive. Stress started to accumulate between the both of you, leaving behind the shell of the people you once were.

Despite all that, you stayed. You couldn't bail out on something that is beyond your control. This had to be temporary.

You lay in bed and reach out to the other side but to no avail. You stir in your sleep, flopping to the other side for some relief. Cassian isn't back but it's all fine, you tell yourself. You huff when your eyes flutter open and the tiredness feeling goes away. Maybe you could go find Cassian in the hangar since whenever it's another sleepless night, he would be on his ship.

Slipping inside the turbolift, you ride in silence. You wrap your arms across your chest to provide a bit of warmth from the crisp temperature of Yavin 4. You know where Cassian parks his U-wing almost as if it's inscribed on the back of your hand. You watch from afar as Cassian tosses something across the floor in frustration. He runs both of his hands through his hair and clutches a handful. You

step a little bit forward until you are near Cassian but at a distance to give him space.

“Cassian,” you say in a soft whisper. You hear a stifled breath from him.

“I don’t deserve you.”

You go up to him and place your hand on his shoulder. Cassian shudders, letting his hands fall to his side.

“You stay. Why do you stay?” Cassian’s eyes fall on you. You swallow harshly and purse your lips.

“Because I love you.” You watch as Cassian steps away from your touch and turn back to the U-wing.

“If you really love me, you’ll let me go.”

Your heart drops. He can’t say that after all the hardships you’ve been through together. No, this isn’t the same Cassian you know and love. This is the shell of a man you knew.

“No, no, you don’t get to say that.” You follow after him and stand next to him as he continues to face inside the ship.

“Why not?”

“Because, Cassian...what you’re saying is not true. Love is not a smooth path. It’s about the choices we make as a couple. We make sacrifices for one another,” you gesture between the both of you, “Do you think that every time you go off on a mission that I forget that the person I love the most might not come back in one piece? Or at all?”

You take a deep breath and let out a shaky breath out. Cassian taps the side of the ship with the palm of his hand.

“But that’s just it,” Cassian turns to you with a glint in his eyes, “the uncertainty. It eats me up inside every time I leave; more so when you leave. We aren’t guaranteed tomorrow.”

You feel tears rolling down your cheek. You close your eyes and bite your lower lip. You know Cassian is right but you know that once you accept your fate, you must move on with that much more vigor in your work; in everything you do. Especially in loving fiercely in spite of the impending doom. That is courage.

“You can’t just give up like that. That isn’t how love works, Cassian. I know you know that. I’m not going to give up. Are you?” You look to him, watching as Cassian turns to face you. You spot a tear roll down his face and envelops you in his arms.

“We’ll get through this together,” Cassian sighs into your hair.

“Together,” you hum against his chest.

And together you did.

Notes for the Chapter:

Please consider leaving some comments and kudos!!
My cats need new socks and with your
contribution...you can make that happen!

5. Pucker Up (Matt Murdock/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Hello! I was wondering if I could request a matt murdock x reader with the 'we HAVE to kiss in order to keep our cover and that's when we realize we actually have feelings for each other welp' trope? Thank you!"

You accompany Matt to a gallery opening by none other than Vanessa Marianna, a key pawn in a bigger scheme. With Fisk's main man, Wesley, on your trail, you never knew your first kiss with Matt would end up like this.

Notes for the Chapter:

au-ish where matt didn't meet vanessa alone in that gallery. also, why did wesley leave a loaded gun on the table?

The stakes are high in this operation. Matt knows he can trust you as much as his own intuition but the nerves don't settle down.

You managed to snag two tickets to a highly anticipated gallery showing with none other than Vanessa Marianna. Matt had to find out more information about Fisk to lead him to the bigger operation he runs. With a nice tuxedo for him and a black tie dress for you borrowed from a good friend, you two go over the plan in the cab ride over there.

"I'll try to get Vanessa alone while you keep on the lookout for anybody who looks suspicious." You nod your head then narrow your eyes.

"We're going to be in a room full of rich people. Everyone looks suspicious to me."

"Well," Matt clicks his tongue with a smirk, "be aware of those not

too interested in the paintings. Those are your prime suspects.”

Both of you say nothing further for it had become clear that shit could go south real quick. You’re no fighter, hell, you don’t even know how to shoot a gun. However, you do have wit and charm, at least that’s what Matt tells you.

How come that the only time you get to be alone with Matt is when your life is on the line? Why can’t you be dealt with more romantic scenarios like being on a picnic?

The cab abruptly stops in front of an all white, geometrical building. Paying the man in cash, you hop out the backseat and into the cool autumn air.

“Remember,” Matt takes your hand into his, “we’re newlyweds looking for art pieces to enhance our new home.”

“And I’m the zany wife whose job is designing apparel for dogs.” The corner of Matt’s eyes crinkle behind his red glasses. You love to watch him laugh at your stupid jokes. The moment is short lived when you reach the glass doors and the doorman opens them for you two.

It’s time to go undercover.

Waiters with platters of champagne flutes and hors d’oeuvres fly across the floor. You take two for you and Matt to have and continue forth with the paintings. You walk arm in arm and make mindlessly chitchat about something that serious art connoisseurs would say. Matt then stops mid sentence to lift up his head and look towards his right side. You follow that direction then discover it’s Fisk himself.

“Always thought that man was like, a myth,” you say under your breath as you whip your head back to the painting before you.

“He’s not alone.” Matt fixes his tie and nudges you with his elbow to get your attention. You already get the message when you watch men in suits that stand at almost every corner of the gallery. Disinterested dudes who have one objective. You observe another man who advances towards Fisk. However, he appears to be a lot different than

the rest. Still true to the suits, he wears glasses and has a smug resting expression to him.

“Any idea who the yuppie guy that’s associated with Fisk?” You push forth onto the next painting down the line, closer towards the danger zone. Matt tries to conceal the two away by blending into the crowd. He stops to listen carefully to the conversation between Fisk and that man you mentioned.

“Wesley,” Matt states, turning his back towards the man of the hour and facing you. It’s like something must have spooked him from that conversation because Matt starts to loosen up his tie. You try to analyze his facial expression to gauge the severity of the situation.

“We have to leave.” Matt takes your hand and guides you away from the crowd. You watch as you spot the men in suits leave their post and gather somewhere you can’t see with your peripheral vision.

This isn’t right. If Matt sensed that something is wrong, him leaving the situation will only draw more attention to you and him. As you round the corner into an empty hallway, you stop Matt from going any further by pulling on the crook of his elbow.

“Matt, we can’t leave. We’ll look like the people we’re supposed to be looking out for. Whatever you heard, leaving validates their suspicion.”

Matt shifts uncomfortably and looks away from you, moving his jaw at what you said. You are right- any minute now, Fisk’s men will be barreling down this hallway because of his reaction. Matt lifts his head up to inspect the shuffling of feet that are upon you two.

“We need to act quick,” Matt instructs you. Your heart begins to race at the possible impending doom that might happen any moment now. You must create a diversion, create a scene that these people will not expect.

“Kiss me,” you swallow hard. Matt is shocked at your words. He wants to ask a million different questions but with limited time, the only thing he can do is nod.

3...

Your lips meet together, a warm sensation traveling up your spine and throughout your body. You can feel the goosebumps forming across your skin as Matt's hand grazes from your shoulder to your waist.

2...

Matt presses your body up against the wall. You welcome the surprise and immediately the fake kissing goes from zero to a hundred in less than 2.5 seconds. Your arms snake around his neck as Matt lifts up your left leg to press against him. The way he touches you is almost euphoric, gentle yet rough. You grab Matt's hair in the heat of the moment.

1.

Heavy footsteps echo the hallway you occupy. Just as Matt is about to slip his tongue into your mouth, someone clears their throat. You stop with your hand on Matt's cheek and give him a quick wink. You can do this.

You turn to the man you now know as Wesley.

"We, uh, didn't see you there, sir," you give him a curt smile, "Are we not supposed to make out in here? If so, we are incredibly sorry. There's just something about art that makes me and my husband a little heated."

You let out a small, awkward laugh at how much you are talking out of your ass. The more this man believes that the two of you are merely a couple in love, he may lay off.

Wesley is obviously flustered by walking in on you and Matt. You can tell that his hand was hovering over a gun on his hip. You keep up with your foolish smile as you wait for an answer.

"Excuse me, ma'am, do accept my apology. We may have mistaken you and...your husband as someone else. Enjoy your evening." With a small bow and a small smile, Wesley walks away with the two other menacing dudes following behind him. You whirl your way back to

Matt and let out a huge sigh of relief.

“We didn’t die!” were the first words you blurt out. Matt chuckles at your words, impressed at how you handled the situation.

The two of you stand there in silence now that the imminent danger is gone. You are left with what happened before they came, how you two kissed each other. That definitely could not be faked even if you tried. That was raw, passionate emotion, almost like you craved one another.

In that moment, you learn that Matt has a crush on you, too.

“So, um,” Matt scratches the back of his neck. You rub your elbow and bite your tongue. Gosh, you wish you could do that over again.

“So.” You nod your head several times. No one knows how to bring this up.

“That kiss-”

“Do you like me?”

You can’t believe he said what was on your mind. You take a sharp inhale of breath and hold it. Slowly, you let it out and make an airy laugh.

“Yes, for the longest of time. Kept mum about it for the most part. Foggy and Karen are great at keeping secrets, apparently.” You smooth your hands over the fabric of your dress. Gosh, your palms are extremely sweaty.

“Foggy and Karen really know how to keep secrets. I like you, too.” Hearing Matt say those words brought back all those feelings you had during your kiss.

“Where do we go from here?” you ask, almost afraid to ask. Matt picks up his cane that was thrown half haphazardly near him. He offers you his elbow for you to take. You tuck your arm in the crook and walk alongside him as he escorts you back into the gallery’s action.

“Want to grab some coffee?”

Notes for the Chapter:

comments and kudos are much appreciated!! thank
you for reading!!

6. Shooting Stars (John Wick/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"The Reader is Helens sister, who has been a secret assassin for a few years and she had been the one to introduce John to her sister. Helen asks her to take care of John once she had passed, by it being a friend or lover as long as she looked out for him. :)"

Letting go is not easy, especially if it's someone extremely close to you. But a promise is a promise and you can't let Helen down.

Notes for the Chapter:

in this fic, the reader is Helen's stepsister to address the issue that a lot of people (including me) are not white. other than that...hope u listen to some sad music!! (i promise there's an optimistic ending).

You can't believe she's really gone.

It didn't quite hit you when you stared at your stepsister's casket with a hundred yard stare. The moment during the post funeral reception didn't wake you up from that fog that was cast on you. No.

Watching the sky drop a torrential downpour that gloomy afternoon sealed that fact. Helen is gone and there is nothing you can do about it.

The small package that arrives at your doorstep comes as a surprise to you. You quickly notice the handwriting and immediately open it up. Inside, you find a card with a flower on top along with one of Helen's necklaces; one you had admired before. Without choking on your tears, you read the handwritten card.

Her voice comes through as you read it. You feel your eyes well up with tears again but this time you don't resist. She recounts a specific memory, one you would never forget. A few months before her

death, you brought her over to catch up. You made your way to your balcony and reminiscence on a particular memory much like this one.

You two were just teenagers hanging out on top of your parent's roof to watch the meteor shower that night. Helen turned to you and asked about the future, how you two will be like ten years from now. You weren't the type to assume your future but you wanted to entertain her. Back and forth, you make up different scenarios, you being the president of the United States and her being the first woman on Mars.

After the pits of laughter over what seemed like far fetched dreams, she becomes quiet. She grabs your hand and clutches it tightly.

"When I'm gone," Helen starts but you refuse to let her finish.

"Don't say that," you beg, wanting to let go from her grasp but for someone that felt weak, Helen kept a tight grip on you.

"You and I both need to acknowledge what is inevitable." She keeps her eyes on you. You can feel yourself getting emotional.

"Please, take care of John. I know he will take it hard, you two are my lifelines. He may be a stubborn bull but since you have known each other for years before me, I think he will open up. Just, promise me you will take care of him for me. You will have our parents and for sure me haunting you from the afterlife. Please, for me."

Take care of John.

"Open up, loser! I don't have all day!"

You wait for John to open the door. You ring the doorbell again but you know it's a lost cause. With little hope, you turn the doorknob and alas, it opened.

Finally.

You barge in with groceries in each arm that should last a week. You are familiar with the layout of the house so you make yourself at home when you enter. After a few moments, a rambunctious puppy

comes barreling down the kitchen to greet you. Daisy nearly hurts herself with the cabinet but it's all worth it as you scratch her ear. As per usual, after Daisy walks in a disheveled John still in his pajamas.

"Couldn't you have come in a little more quietly?" John takes a seat at the breakfast bar. You whip around just as you close the refrigerator door.

"Just because we assassins are supposed to be quiet doesn't mean I'm going to be quiet all the damn time. And besides," you lean in on the counter to get a good look at John, "when was the last time you showered?"

John observes you as you dance around the kitchen, putting away cereal and an assortment of snacks. You walk over to the plastic bowl on the floor. You pick it up and find room temperature milk in it.

"What the hell are you feeding the dog?" You scrunch up your nose as you dispose of the milk. When you don't hear an answer from John, you walk over to his right side.

"John, hello? Why are you feeding the dog cereal?"

John snaps for the first time. "How the hell are you like this?"

You blink at his question. John then elaborates.

"Were we not in the same hospital room when she died? Were we not at the same funeral? Were we not in the same room together mourning over...Helen," his voice breaks when he says her name. You divert your eyes away from him as you swallow harshly.

"How can you pretend that everything is okay when really it's not? How..." John quickly looks away from you, balling up his fists on the counter. You blink then look down, finding the right words to say.

"You're right," you begin, "you're absolutely right. I'm only like this because I feel empty inside. I tried so hard to cover it up like I actually have my shit together. I am trying my best to cover up the amount of pain I feel inside. We both lost someone dear...someone close...a treasure that we will never get back. I made a promise to her to take care of you and I will not let Helen down."

You bite your lower lip to stop from quavering. “We’ve been through some tough shit together, John. Now is the time we start looking out for each other.”

John pushes away from the counter to get up. You thought he was going to just walk away from this emotional mess of a situation but you welcome surprise. John wraps his arms around you and instantly fall limp in his arms. You bawl into his chest, ignoring the fact that you are probably ruining his white shirt with tears and mascara flakes.

You two separate, one of John’s hand on your shoulder as you part. You sniffle as you witness something you never seen before: John with tears streaking down his cheeks. You both agree that you two had to take care of one another, to not allow one to get too destructive. You both share this tragedy and it only seemed best to help each other in the grieving process.

A few days after that conversation, you decide to move in with John as a roommate. You thought that no one deserved to be alone and this was the best decision. The two of you click again like old times at the Continental. Though you two still live separate lives, you always make arrangements to do something together to keep each other in check. When you felt like John was slipping into the past, you take the homemade tapes away from him and force him to look towards the future, something you’ve been afraid of for all your life.

One night, a meteor shower was in the forecast. You completely forgot as you had meetings and a dinner date with a potential employer. Right when you step into the house, you sense that no one is home. Even Daisy is no where to be found. You call up John, praying for him to pick up. After two rings, he picks up.

“Where are you? Your car’s in the garage but I don’t sense you? Does that make sense?” You scrunch your nose as you walk further into the house. You look outside but see nothing but the moon illuminating the backyard.

“Come upstairs. I got something to show you.” With one click, you are left in a cloud of mystery. Well, why the hell not?

You continue on the steps as you reach your bedroom. A cool breeze enters and then you realize that the door to the balcony is ajar. Walking to close it, you find Daisy sitting on the balcony. You pop your head out and look up to see John on top of the roof.

“What the hell are you doing up there?” you shout at him. John gets up from his laying position and motions you to come up. Slowly, you hop on to the ladder provided and take a seat next to John.

Then it all comes back to you.

“Where do you see yourself ten years from now?”

You whip your head to see a smile form on John’s lips. You give him a small smile in return. Now you remember that you’ve told him about one of your favorite memories with Helen. You stare off into the sky and watch one meteor go by.

“Hopefully be the president of the United States. What about you?”

“Hopefully witnessing you be president of the United States.”

You smirk at his response. How cheesy.

“I hope Helen is getting a kick out of this,” you say as your eyes never leave the sky. Another meteor goes by in a blink of an eye.

“She’s probably watching us with rolled eyes at how cliché we are.” You don’t disagree on that.

You two lay in silence and observe the meteors as they go by. In that moment, you remember Helen. All the good times you had shared, the laughs, the cries, the lies you had told her, the happiness. But the hurt did not triumph over the bond you both forged. You hadn’t realized that you were crying until you felt a hand slip into yours. You turn towards John to find him on the verge to tears.

“Thank you,” you manage to get out.

“No, thank you. Without you, things would not be the way that they are.”

“Helen was looking out for both of us.”

The two of you turn your attention back towards the sky. In that moment, you witness the brightest shooting star among the meteors.

You like to think that that was Helen.

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you so much for reading!! please consider
leaving comments and kudos below :))

7. Safe and Sound (Poe Dameron/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

“Drabble prompt list” and “48. “You’re a very different drunk than I thought you’d be.”” Is everything that I’ve ever needed to read, EVER!! So I was thinking that it’s Poe x reader and maybe reader gets drunk bc they’re like in love with him but he’s their commanding officer so they thought it would never happen & they were upset and Poe like finds them all drunk and takes care of them “

Here you are drunk in front of the person you call both your commander and your crush. What a conundrum.

Notes for the Chapter:

looks at the word count i just have...a lot of love for poe...the inspiration for this was a lot of sad drunk playlists on spotify. this is a second rewrite bc yeah i suck sometimes

Clack!

The glass hits the table hard. You’re surprised that the glass itself didn’t shatter. Then again, your drunk self couldn’t care less at this point. Not with all the mindless chattering floating around your head.

It’s just one of those nights where you beat yourself over your stupid crush, Poe. How did you manage to slip hopelessly in love with your superior officer? Drinking certainly didn’t help with the feeling but it made for a good time. You take another long sip of your alcohol of choice. The quiet burn that lingers in your throat makes you wince but you’re used to it. You look across from you and watch the other Resistance members mingle with one another. Orange jumpsuits dance around your vision but once they become blurry, you close your eyes to regain vision.

Him. You can't seem to get over this commander. How did you end up falling in love with a man that is a way higher rank than you? What are the odds of this happening? What kind of cruel joke the galaxy has decided to put you through. Your love life runs like a joke.

The thing is, you've never felt this way with somebody in such a long time. With Poe, you finally found somebody who gets you and understands you yet a relationship can never happen. You two can never happen because he's a superior and you just follow.

You jump when you hear a glass settle on the table. You open your eyes to see the man that occupies your free time, Poe.

"There's no fun in drinking alone," he comments, slipping into the seat across from you. You smirk at his remark.

"Yeah? How would you know, fly boy? Never once seen you without somebody next to you." You take another long sip of your drink. Shit, this must be your fifth drink of the night. You motion towards the bartender for another round. Might regret this one.

"I'm not always with somebody," Poe attempts to defend himself but you shake your head in denial.

"Say what you want, I-I-I can read through your batha shit, Dameron." The bartender sets down your order and without hesitation, you down that glass like no tomorrow. Poe's eyes widen at the sight. Even the bartender is impressed. Your eyes shift from one person to the other as they observe you.

"What? Never seen a bitch down a cold one before?" You shrug, the bartender leaving your bitter ass to be. Poe slaps his hand on his knee and rubs it a couple of times.

"Well, Y/N, you're a very different drunk than I thought you'd be." Poe raises his glass to you and takes a sip. Something about what he said made you feel aggravated. You feel bad in being a terrible bitch when you're drunk but you can't help it. Maybe all that pent up emotions just overflow when alcohol enters your system. But something about the reality of the question strikes a cord with you. Maybe it's because the person you hopelessly love is asking it and

you are making the worst impression right now.

“What do you mean...by that?” You hiccup into the back of your hand. You can tell that Poe may have stepped over a line he shouldn’t have crossed.

Regret. The face of regret.

“I...don’t know. I thought you would be a completely different person.” The answer doesn’t cut it for you. You mutter under your breath about being a fuck up and shoot up to remove yourself from becoming more of disappointment. You take a step back as a wave of pain runs through you. You become lightheaded but you’re still determined to keep moving. Poe rushes to your side to help you up.

You push him aside with one hand. “Mmm-I can do this m’self.”

One foot over the other. You can walk, you can walk, you tell yourself.

You take another stumble into the table next to yours. Poe holds out his hand to prevent you from planting your face into the ground. You huff at how uncoordinated you are.

“Stupid!” you say angrily under your breath. “Stupid, stupid, stupid.”

Poe begins to shake his head. “No, no you’re not.”

You don’t believe a word he’s saying. He’s only saying that because he’s your commanding officer. Commanding officer, your superior, your commander.

“Can I walk you back to your room?” Poe asks, waiting for your approval. Kind of hard to refuse help when you obviously need it.

“Yeah,” you say with a shaky breath. Poe props you up and places your left arm over his shoulder, holding you by the waist. You can’t remember the last time you’ve been this close to him in awhile. You suck up your breath when you get whiff of his scent. Resistance issued soap combined with the familiar scent of ship fuel. How heavenly.

The walk back to your room isn't eventful. Rather, it's silent. The only noise being made is the occasional snuffle from you and the shuffling of both pairs of feet on the landing area. Another right turn, sharp left, then through the empty corridor, you finally find your designated quarters. As coordinated as possible, you reach into the back pocket of your jumpsuit to retrieve your room key.

"Annnnnndddd..." you announce right when you swing the door open. "Home sa-weet home."

Your room isn't particularly the cleanest. There are clothes littering all over the floor, boots thrown carelessly near the door, and no hint of making the room personalized.

You take a step into the room but miss a step. Poe immediately grabs you before you can go any further.

"Hey, hey, hey, I got you."

I got you.

Something about that got to you. For some reason, your eyes begin to tear up. They drop softly along your cheeks and merely dampen them. Poe doesn't hear and you thank the lucky stars he hasn't. But as soon as he sets you on your bed, Poe bends down to help you with your boots when he notices.

"Y/N? Are you okay?" His voice is full of genuine concern. You're almost overwhelmed by the feeling of being loved and cared for that this tipped you over the edge. No one has ever stopped to ask you that question. For so long you've thrown yourself with reckless abandon into your work that you've never once taken into consideration your well-being. The first person to ask happens to be Poe Dameron.

You swallow harshly and manage to shake your head "no". Poe takes this as a cue to not prod the subject any further. You're a drunken mess; your emotions are all out of whack. Your other side of your drunk self is showing- the quiet, emotional drunk.

Poe pushes away the blanket from your bed to allow you to slip right

in. You tuck your legs in and wait as Poe pulls the blanket close to you. He smiles solemnly at you, bending down to get on your eye level.

“Okay, I need you to lay on your side just as a precaution. Never know,” Poe lets out an airy laugh. You oblige, rolling slowly onto your side. You watch Poe take your hand and glide his thumb over the back of your hand.

“Do I need to inform the general that you’ll be taking a sick day tomorrow?” Poe jokes to you, earning a small snort on your end. He drops your hand but you already miss the feeling of his touch.

“No.” Your answer is short but enough. Poe’s eyes are still steady on your face. You can feel the burn at the back of your ears. You feel ugly but somehow Poe can’t stop looking at you. Your hair is stuck on your face by the tears on your face, alcohol breath that can be smelled for miles, and your eyes must be puffy as hell. But his eyes still linger on you.

For a moment, you forgo all formal titles. Right now, Poe is your friend helping you in a time of need.

“Poe,” your voice is shaky but he doesn’t care, “can you stay with me?”

Without hesitation, Poe nods this head. You stretch your arm for him to take. He takes your hand into his and fills your body with warmth. You nestle your head deeper into your pillow and take in Poe’s profile. There are the features you already know but the longer you watch, the more you notice the smaller details. The way his hair curls a certain way in the back, how much longer his eyelashes are to yours. Your mind mentally tells you to look another way to avoid more heartbreak but you can’t help it. You can’t stop falling in love.

“Let me tell you a bedtime story,” Poe suggests, still holding on to your hand. He tells you a true story (well, he says it’s true) about one of his missions to deliver a message to an important ally. Poe’s soothing voice begins to lull you to sleep. Your muscles begin to relax and your head becomes heavy during the middle of this adventure. The last thing you hear is something about wrestling an animal in a

mud pit when your eyes flutter shut.

You groan as you toss to the other side of the bed. Slowly, your eyes start to adjust to the environment. Like clockwork, the consequences of last night creep on you. You prop yourself up to try to find the medicine you keep around your room. You don't have to look far because you find them right on your bedside table along with some water. You look around to find an answer but end up with more questions. By some miracle, your room is in order. The clothes that had littered the floor have been picked up, boots neatly lined up near the door, and your helmet rests on the corner of your desk area.

Poe.

Before setting off, you down the medication, rummage for a clean shirt, then make your way towards his X-wing. As you open the door, you startle Poe right as he was about to knock on your door.

"Oh!" You jump at the sudden sight of him. He laughs nervously and a small smile follows.

"Good morning to you, too."

"Shit, what time is it?" You're afraid for the answer.

"Not that late," Poe says sarcastically. You roll your eyes at how terrible of a liar he is.

You fold your arms across your chest. "Um, thanks for cleaning up my room. You didn't have to do that."

"It's nothing, really. Just doing anything for the people I care for."

Oh, you could just melt right now.

"Thank you, for taking care of me last night. Sorry you had to see me like that. No commander should ever witness their lieutenants behave that way."

Poe shakes his head. “Don’t worry about that. I’ve seen Black Squadron get blackout drunk before but I still hold a mighty lot of respect for them. Same goes for you. If you think about it, rank doesn’t mean much when the galaxy needs our help.”

You nod at his words. He makes sense, though. No one outside of the Resistance couldn’t care less about the titles you wear. You all work for one cause and one cause only. You suppose Poe’s reasoning is right.

“Hey, Y/N, do you maybe want to grab a bite to eat? I know the perfect hangover meal that has cured almost all my rough mornings. Only if you want, though,” Poe starts to stumble on his words. You bite the inside of your cheek to stop yourself from screaming. This is it! This is every wild dream you’ve had coming true, and then some. With all your worrying about who Poe was in retrospect, you’ve forgotten the most important thing about him: he’s your friend who deeply cares about you.

With a small smile, you nod eagerly.

“I would love that.”

Notes for the Chapter:

please consider leaving comments and kudos!! thank
u for reading, jellybean

8. Slowly, Deeply (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Omg omg I thought of another prompt/request/idea for Jim! As much as I loathe song fics, Foreigner's "I Wanna Know What Love Is" is like grade A cheese/romance fodder"

You teach at the local high school but that doesn't exempt you from chaperoning at the middle school's annual Snow Ball. But when your friend and fellow crush, Jim, shows up, you never expected it to go down like this.

Notes for the Chapter:

my first fic Jim Hopper fic and my first Stranger Things fic? damn! two for the price of one. extremely fluffy and just...worm. a bit au-ish bc he actually attends the dance.

Because Hawkins, Indiana is a small town, you are ultimately given the job of chaperon for the annual Snow Ball at the middle school. Even if you were a teacher at the high school, they need all the help they can get. You couldn't say no after Mr. Clarke begged at your doorstep.

You watch all the kids file inside the gym that is beautifully decorated to be a winter wonderland. You wave hello to one of your students, Nancy, over at the punch bowl and she eagerly waves back. Your job tonight is to keep everyone inside the building so they don't go off to do some sort of shenanigans on your watch. The night goes on without much of a ruckus, just a bunch of students trying to dance with one another and talking among themselves. You sigh at how tedious this is going. Suddenly, the doors open and your eyes immediately welcome the familiar face.

"Thought you wouldn't show up," you snicker as you make your way towards him. Jim chuckles, adjusting his jacket a bit.

Jim Hopper was the one to help you get situated into Hawkins when you moved a few years ago. You hated to admit that you were dreading coming to this town but Jim made you change your mind. The two of you instantly clicked with the quick wit and heavy sarcasm. You would sometimes come down to the station to just talk over coffee and he would meet you after school to take you back home. Slowly you began to fall head over heels for the man but you were too afraid to admit these feelings. After all, you lead two completely different lives. You grade papers in your cozy house as he goes off to kick some monsters and raise a teenage daughter at the same time. Yeah, who knew Hawkins could be exciting?

But here he is, standing before you in his usual police garb as you done the best formal dress you could find deep in your closet and heels you haven't worn in ages. What a wonderful surprise to find him here.

"Debated with myself in the parking lot on whether I should come inside or not. Then I realized there's free food." You both laugh at his comment. You fold your arms across your chest and continue to look onto the crowd on the dance floor.

"There's Jane over there. She goes by Jane now." Jim points out his daughter out of the crowd. You smile at how incredibly proud he is of her.

"Jane, what a lovely name. And what a pretty blue dress! Did you do her hair? Pretty impressive." Jim's smile continues to grow at your compliment.

Then he shrugs his shoulders. "May have had a little help from Joyce."

You drop your head and giggle to yourself.

Then it happens. The song you tend to always hear on the radio begins to play. A rhythm you wish to forget at times.

I gotta take a little time, a little time to think things over.

You close your eyes and groan. Not this cheesy song again. But then

again, it's a dance; of course, they were bound to play it. You hear a shuffling on your left where Jim was standing. You reopen your eyes to discover that Jim is giving you a look, waving his hips slightly. You begin to shake your head "no" at him but then Jim sticks out his arms and tries to reel you in. You look up at the ceiling and shake your head at how Jim is literally embarrassing himself in front of multiple people. But, now, Jim doesn't care who the hell is watching. He's focusing all his attention on you.

"Come on, Angel! Just one dance," Jim calls out to you. You roll your head and tilt it at him.

"It won't hurt you. Promise." He extends his hands again and this time, you take it with a grin.

"Show me what you got."

You walk over to the dance floor and find yourselves in the middle of the floor. You sway back and forth to the beat, giggling out of control at how incredibly vulnerable you feel. Here you are dancing with a friend you happen to have a crush on at a dance that smells like teen angst and on heels that are absolutely killing you. As the song goes on, those feelings begin to absolve away. Something about being in your own little bubble with just Jim makes you feel safe. He spins you around out of nowhere and almost trip up on your heels. Before you can stumble any farther, he catches you. You shake your head and giggle at your mishap.

"You said dancing wouldn't hurt," you quip as you raise your eyebrow.

"Hey..." Jim's voice trails, knowing full well he doesn't have a good answer. You look longingly into his eyes after that, Foreigner sings the right lyric for the moment.

I want to know what love is, I want you to show me.

You two continue to sway back and forth but not much mind is going into it. You are too focused on each other right now. The way Jim's eyes soften sends a warm sensation coursing through your body.

“Angel...”

“Jim...”

You bring yourself in for the kiss. Jim crashes into your lips like he hasn't been kissed in a while. A little rusty but has all the right moves. Your shoulders relax further, moving your hands slowly towards the nape of his neck. Both of you sink into each other like you were made for one another. Jim brings you even closer with his hands around your waist. You reposition your head to get plant another kiss. You never knew how soft yet passionate Jim could kiss. You could feel how much he cares for you. The emotional floodgate had open and you were not afraid to embrace it. Jim breaks the kiss first, taking shallow breathes as if he was a little out of breath. You smile at the extreme closeness of Jim's face to yours; a place you don't mind being in.

“Hi.”

You crinkle your nose at his loss of words. “Hi.”

“Foreigner really knows how to make song,” Jim remarks and goes back to swinging back and forth with you. “I Wanna Know What Love Is” ends but another slow song starts to play.

“I never cared for that song but now,” you resume your position with your hands on both of Jim's shoulders, “I kinda like it.”

A smile forms at the corner of his lips. You lay your head on his shoulder and allow Jim to take the lead. You never want this moment to end but you take in each passing second. You never want to leave his side.

Jim places a gentle kiss on the top of your head and continues to sway back and forth with you in his arms. He never wants to leave your side.

Notes for the Chapter:

your comments and kudos are much appreciated!!
larb u!!

9. Sick Day (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"For a Hopper prompt, maybe reader is feeling really sick, so Hop and Jane takes care of her"

You do not want to burden anybody with being sick so you try to pretend everything is okay. Jim isn't having any of the excuses.

Notes for the Chapter:

Winter is around the corner and you know what that inevitably means! S I C K S E A S O N. Here's another very cute fic bc y'all need a break

The moment you peel yourself away from the warm, toasty bed of yours to stand up, you felt it. Your head is hammering like no tomorrow and you wish that the feeling would stop. You knew you were getting sick ever since last night but you didn't expect a cold could form this quickly. Then again, you didn't pay much attention in biology class.

But you couldn't take a sick day. Now now. There was too much to be done around the house, errands to run, plus you promised to help Jane with a class project due in the next few days. You couldn't pause your life just because you're sick. You trudge along with only one nostril breathing for you to begin to put away the dishes that were drying on the rack since the night before. You sniffle into the back of your hand but with no relief. Struggling, you grab a plate and open the cupboard. While you busy yourself with the task, you don't notice Jim popping into the kitchen behind you.

You hack a nasty cough and place your hands on the counter. You got this, you tell yourself. You don't need a sick day. You can definitely persevere through the mind fog and the case of the sniffles. Down some medication then go on your merry way.

That is until Jim clears his throat midway through your chore.

“Hey, babe, you should get some rest.” His soothing voice gets closer as he hugs you from behind and wraps you tightly. You place a hand on his cheek and welcome the embrace.

“You know I can’t do that,” you whine, slowly starting up the previous job you were doing. Jim places a soft hand on your wrist to stop you from putting another plate away.

“I got this. Better yet, Jane got this. We need to teach her about chores anyways.” The joke echoes into the air and you can’t help but let out a muffled laugh before you cough up some much beloved mucus.

“Mmm, you must think I’m very attractive right now,” you quip, squeezing your shoulders together and slightly swaying the two of you back and forth.

“You could be missing your two front teeth and I wouldn’t give a damn.” Jim peppers a few kisses down your neck. You want to enjoy it but you also don’t want to play a part as to the reason for Jim getting sick.

“You know you’re gonna get sick for being this close to me.” You scrunch your nose and let go of Jim’s arms around your waist. His right arm still rests on the same spot as before.

“And?”

“And...” you sing the word, walking over to the medicine cabinet to fish out what you can find, “you have an important job to do. Chief of police can’t take a sick day off.”

“Oh yeah, like I would miss out on another urgent call that Mrs. Carter’s petunia plants got ruined.”

You snicker before you take two pills out and swallow dryly. One thing Jim has taught you was how to take pills like one hell of a champ.

“But seriously, Y/N, go back to bed. Let us take care of you this time.” His eyes are sincere, putting all jokes aside. Your head begins to throb again even before the medicine can kick in. With a slow

blink, you accept defeat to your enemy, the cold.

“Okay,” you agree, stretching your arms out for Jim to hug you again. He whispers a low “come on” and guides you back to your shared bedroom. Luckily you’re still in pajamas and slide into bed with no fuss at all. Once your head hits the pillow, you’ve never felt more sleepy in your life. You allow your body to take the rest it deserves.

Your eyes become a little hard to open but you manage to peel one lid open slowly. Sitting there patiently is Jane, who is more than overjoyed to see you wake up. She immediately grabs the glass from the bedside table and shoves it in your face.

“Orange juice,” Jane announces with a small smile on her face. You mirror her and take the glass from her.

“Because vitamin C is-?”

“Good for you.” Jane finishes Jim’s sentence. She then gets up from your bedside then makes her way into the kitchen. You watch her and Jim go to work in what you can only deduce as breakfast. You admire the father and daughter relationship between Jane and your boyfriend. The way he practices patience with her and is learning how to be a parent to a teenager alongside with her, you can’t help but let your smile grow.

“And I made you this.” Jane takes the platter from Jim and places it down on your lap. You rise a bit more to support the plate. In front of you is a nice plate of Eggo waffles with whipped cream faces on each one. You place a hand on Jane’s cheek and grin.

“It’s perfect, just like you.” You place a kiss on top of her hair and bring your legs into a criss-cross to allow Jane to hop on top of the bed. Jim slips right in towards your left side and suddenly you are surrounded by your family; the greatest company to have.

“We’re happy to report that the dishes have been cleared, Jane swept

the house, and I even cleaned the toilet.” You take a bite out of the waffle and stop mid-bite to cough and laugh at the same time. You wave your hand in front of your face as a reflex.

“Wow, you really do love me.” You shake your head when your mouth lined with a small dab of whipped cream is met with Jim’s.

“Of course. We both do.” Jim motions to Jane to come join the sandwich. Tucking right in between you two, Jim gets up to move the television into the bedroom and you offer Jane a waffle from your stack. She happily takes your offer and you both watch Jim to the heavy work.

“Hey, can you turn the television on? I’m tired,” Jim asks Jane who then with a tilt of her head, the television screen comes to life. Jim stretches his arm to pull you in closer. Together, you all watch whatever Jane wants to. The warmth of everyone makes you close your eyes for a moment but you feel another rush of tiredness.

This time you don’t feel guilty.

Notes for the Chapter:

Your comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!!
Love u!!

10. Piece of You (Cassian Andor/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

Cassian never saw the purpose in celebrating an arbitrary holiday such as Life Day. That is until you came knocking on his ship that made him think twice.

Notes for the Chapter:

I am definitely in the mood for some holiday cheer. Here's to the holidays, y'all! This is an AU where everyone lives, no one DIES after Rogue One (it ain't spoilers anymore at this point...). Life Day is a holiday celebrated by Wookiees that celebrated the values of their culture. Very similar to Christmas!

A loud group of cheerful people walk in front of Cassian singing incredibly out of tune to a song. Decorations on tinsel line the hallways and some pilots even took the liberty in decorating their own ships with tacky yet innovative things from around the base. This only meant one thing: Life Day.

Cassian didn't understand the holiday. No one on base was even Wookiee yet almost everyone wanted to celebrate it. Maybe this holiday provided an escape from the grim reality of the Alliance but Cassian was all too used to it. He never had time to rest but Cassian felt like he didn't deserve any day off. It's the Alliance or nothing at all.

Cassian retreats back into his U-wing to fiddle with whatever toggle he can get his hands on. He knew there were no repairs to be made yet here he is, hiding away from all the Life Day festivities. He knew his squadron would definitely enjoy the activities; given that they've never seen anything like this before. Jyn, Chirrut, and Baze would most likely get drunk and Bodhi would have to be the one to look after their sloppy selves. Even K-2SO meandered their way into the

mess hall to see what the commotion is all about. Though he would love to see all that play out, Cassian couldn't bring himself to go. He finds himself alone on the bench with a random tool he happened to pick up from the supply closet until-

Knock, knock.

Cassian's eyes flutter open to find the source of the sound and find you standing before the entrance of the ship. You forgo your usual standard issued uniform for a flow-y sand colored dress you purchased at an outpost during a stop from a mission. Your hair is down; a sight most never get to see. You hold your hands behind your back to conceal a surprise which piques Cassian's interest.

"Knew I could find you here," you say, slipping into the ship and taking a seat next to him.

"What are you doing here? Isn't everyone else inside?" Cassian doesn't want to sound rude of your presence. In fact, he loves to be around you. You were one of a select few he could tolerate to be around; you being before K-2SO. The puzzling thing is why you are here with him and not surrounded by more festive people who actually want to celebrate.

"Eh, grew tired of them. They're drinking too much for my taste. Besides, I need a break." You move your arms to your lap to reveal a small wrapped box.

"I, uh," you let out a dry laugh, "I got you a gift."

Cassian is taken aback. Shit, he came unprepared. "You didn't have to-"

"I know, I know."

"I didn't get you anything."

You shake your head with a gracious smile. "It's okay. No, I wanted to give you this. Just as a thank you for being there for me when no one else was."

You pass the small box on over to Cassian. He takes the gift into his

hands and just stares at it, not quite sure if he was even worthy of opening it. You wait patiently as the man ogles the box and fumbles with the wrapping.

“You’re supposed to unwrap it.” You place a hand under his and raise it sharply up to his face. Cassian moves his head suddenly and lets out a tiny grin. You can feel your face getting incredibly warm, nervous as to what his reaction will be. Why were you feeling this way when Cassian is a good friend of yours? Your best friend, almost? He begins to pluck away the silvery wrapping and carefully took off the lid. Inside, nestled on a small cushion, was a metallic pendant.

“I built it myself. Took apart an old holographic comm unit and reprogrammed the innards to fit this small frame. Just press the top of it like this.” You reach your hand over to Cassian’s lap and gently press with your finger. The pendant comes to life and displays an image: a holograph of the entire Rogue One squadron. The holo later transitions into one with just him and K-2SO, a candid photo that he concludes was you who took the holo. One after the other, it plays images of his friends in random, stupid poses. Then the last holo appears and it’s just you and him. Your smiling from ear to ear, arms around his waist and looking as stunning as ever despite the blue hue from the holo. His expression is much softer, his lips forming what he calls a smile. Cassian’s arm wraps around your shoulder into a tight side embrace.

Cassian remembers that moment. You had asked your friend to take a holo to commemorate the successful mission of capturing the Death Star plans. He had hesitated, tired, worn, and unworthy of such praise. You told him that what Rogue One did was worthy of a thousand ceremonies and that he should be proud of what happened. “*One holo could speak volumes,*” Cassian remembers you saying.

It’s almost been a complete year since the happenings of Scarif. The holo brought back a moment of triumph and even happiness. Cassian blinks and realizes that he had been crying. A gentle hand on his shoulder brings him back to the current reality.

“Was it too much? I-I-I-” you start to stutter but stop as Cassian shakes his head.

“No, no, not at all. I just never thought I would be able to relive those memories again.” Cassian taps on the pendant and the holo of all of the squadron disappears.

“Thought about the other aspect of Life Day besides stuffing your face and drinking until you pass out; how it’s a celebration of joy and harmony. I wanted something that meant a lot to you. I think I nailed that.” You bump your shoulder onto Cassian’s. He turns to you and wraps his arms around your neck, a sudden but welcomed surprise. You settle your head on his chest and exhale slowly. This is what you both need, a close embrace, a touch, someone to hold onto.

After a minute, Cassian breathes from over you. “I need to get you something.”

You break the hug and look into his eyes. “It’s honestly okay, Cass. You don’t have to worry about it.”

Cassian holds up a finger and rushes over towards the end of the ship to open up a container. You whip over to the side to figure out what the hell he is about to do. He squats down, opening up the latches, and digging inside for something. Your eyes become wide as Cassian pulls out a jacket of his.

“Happy Life Day.” Cassian walks over to you and places the jacket into your lap. At first you’re confused at why he is willing to part with one of his beloved jackets.

“I-I’m-”

“Since you love to take my jackets during missions. I figured you should have one.”

You’re touched by his gift. You get to have a piece of him and he gets to have a piece of you wherever life may take both of you. You press the jacket to your heart and frown slightly, unworthy of such a gift.

“Thank you,” you whisper as you run your hand over the material, moving your head up to see his soften expression.

“Thank you, too.” Cassian puts the pendant on and the metallic captures some of the sun’s ray, making it glow.

You convince Cassian to come tag along with you to people watch. You don't have to tug on his arm because he takes your hand willingly. As you two arrive into the mess hall, immediately Baze falls on his ass and brings down Chirrut and Jyn along with him.

And for the first time in a long while, Cassian laughed until he cried.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for reading and as always, please leave some love below in the form of comments and kudos. I love and appreciate your support!

11. Under The Twinkling Lights (John Wick/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Fake dating au where reader asks John Wick to go to her cousin's wedding with her as her fake date bc she and her cousin hate each other and she doesn't want to be made fun of so she asks him and he's like sure and they fall in love over the weekend."

The wedding of your vile cousin was a pretty hard pill to swallow. You remember that you had to find a date somehow to one up her. That's when your finger hovers over John's name on your phone.

Notes for the Chapter:

imma just say that wow... i had a whole bunch of fun writing this. tweaked the request a bit to fit this vision i had on the direction i wanted this fic to go on. shouts out to my parent's for such a power move!

You are cordially invited to-

You throw down the invitation in irritation. You know damn well your cousin only sent this invitation out of courtesy and not out of the genuine kindness of her heart. She would much rather have your creepy next door neighbor come to the wedding instead of you if she could.

The story behind your hate towards one another is rather simple: your grandparents had always held a favoritism towards her. Spoiling her, paying some of her tuition for college, and actively praising her for basic human growth. On the other hand, your grandparents couldn't even spell your name right, let alone give two cents for college. No matter how hard you tried, you were never enough for one side of your family. Never good enough to be as prestigious as them, whatever that meant. Ever since that one family reunion when you were younger, you had never hated anyone more than your cousin.

You sigh as you begrudgingly pick the invitation back up to read the rest of the stupid thing. Your eyes lay on those little words: plus one. You close your eyes for a moment and realize that you had to bring somebody to this wedding. And not just anybody; you needed a boyfriend.

You scratch your head and groan out loud. How dare your cousin put this amount of pressure on you? You sink lower into the couch to contemplate your options. You grab your phone then know exactly who to call up.

John's name appears along with the multiple heart emojis you use for his contact name. You smile slightly at your phone. John's a good friend you met through a mutual friend of yours. Ever since that encounter, you've went out for coffee, gotten dinner together, and, well, you two could easily pass as a couple.

Yet if he's only just a friend, why is your heart fluttering like no tomorrow?

You bite the bullet and press "call", curling up on the couch and rest your head on your open palm. After three tones, John picks up.

"Hello?"

"Hey, John, it's Papa John's Pizza. We've noticed you haven't ordered one of our hot delicious pizzas in the past week and we're wondering if everything is alright?"

You hear John sigh at how terrible your joke is. You snort at his reaction and wait to see if he'll play along with it.

"Does that mean I get free pizza?"

"No, bitch, we're a business. We don't give free handouts unless you're a disgusting capitalist who definitely doesn't need nor deserve free things." You hear a pause after the last sentence. You may have possibly spilled too much truth with that one.

"Well, if there is no free pizza involved, then what's up?" John asks while you take a tight grip of your knee.

"All jokes aside, I need to ask you a question. Sort of important. It's okay if you say no..." you begin to trail off.

"Okay. Hit me."

"My cousin is getting married. You know, the one I can't fathom. Anyways, I was wondering if you...could...be my fake boyfriend for the occasion? I just don't want her to make fun of me for going solo, as superficial as that may sound. Like I said you don't have to go since it's for an entire weekend." You bite the bottom of your lip in anticipation of John's answer.

"Yes."

You nearly lose your breath over his answer. "Really?"

"It would be an honor to be your fake boyfriend."

You pace back and forth while looking down at your phone. Where the hell is he? Your heart is racing just thinking about confronting your worst enemy. You don't think you can do this without-

"Hello, *you*."

And there is that snarky, condescending tone of your cousin. You shove your phone back into your purse and push a fake smile on your face.

"It's nice to see you too." There's an empty silence between the two of you. You could pick out the awkwardness one by one if you could. You two stare each other down, your cousin craning their neck quite a bit. Once again, she plasters a forced smile with gritted teeth.

"I see you've come alone despite putting an RSVP for a plus one. A shame but not surprising." She huffs but before she can cram more bullshit and nonsense, you watch her facial expression change from defiant to, well, surprised. You feel a hand on the small of your back.

“Sorry I’m late, love,” John kisses you on your temple, “Traffic was wild. You know how I always pack last minute so there was that. Then I had to give Daisy over to a friend of mine to dog sit.”

He stops and extends his hand towards your cousin. You are in bewilderment but realize that John is trying to save your ass from the devil.

“John Wick, Y/N’s boyfriend.” Your cousin nods her head up and down while she shakes his hand. She immediately breaks the handshake and tries her best to appear normal.

“Welcome, welcome! Hope you two enjoy the weekend!” Your cousin smiles, darting her eyes at you as she takes her leave. You turn to John who is observing the mansion before you two.

“Talk about great timing,” you breath, your eyes wide with relief. You watch as John removes his gaze from the house to you.

“One of my many talents.” John opens up his hand for you to take. With a cheesy smile, you oblige and all worry about your cousin diminishes. If John could strike fear into your cousin’s eyes, then you should just marry him then and there. But that could be the wedding talking.

“So, turns out that there is only one bed.” You swing your interlocked hands back and forth. Nothing felt foreign to you about the feeling; almost like touching him felt natural to you.

John hums at this revelation. “Guess we’re just going to have to sleep together since you know, we’re boyfriend and girlfriend.”

You’d be lying if you said your heart didn’t burst a tiny bit.

Through the dumb wedding rehearsal and getting through the actual wedding ceremony, you manage to remain on the ground with John by your side. The whole fake relationship shtick turns out to be so

much easier than you expected but it's no reason because it's John. Everything you do with him seems so natural and in sync. You can tell that your cousin definitely doesn't want to admit how cute you and John look together even though everyone else appears to root for you two.

Though your parents were taken aback that you found a boyfriend and never told them, John's charm and cuteness won them over and instantly forgave you. You thank God for that close one. As you watch John interact with your parents, that made you realize that you are incredibly lucky to have someone like him in your life.

If only you knew John felt the same about you.

John fell in love with you gradually. Every time you two met up, sparks flew and he had to pinch himself sometimes to find out if any of this was real. Never had John ever fallen this hard for someone. Watching you enjoy life without apology, never letting people in the way of your success, and being a beautiful individual made John's crush that more deep.

That's why this wedding is a perfect opportunity. Carpe noctem.

With the wedding reception in full swing, you take another hearty sip of your glass. Whatever is in this alcohol must have been spiked to the nines because after two glasses, you felt like you were on cloud nine. You have even forgotten why you were so angry with your cousin for the past several years. Yet you are still coherent enough to know you still had a role to play in this wedding. Getting up from your seat at the table, you grab John's hand and drag him to the makeshift dance floor in the backyard of the estate. John doesn't hesitate, more eager to finally get his plan rolling out.

The DJ picks another upbeat song from the band Sheppard and the crowd instantly comes to life around the two of you. Your red silk dress flows in every direction, radiating your every move. John twirls you around and causes the most beautiful effect of your dress becoming like waves in the ocean.

An ocean he can't wait to be in.

As you giggle at the atrocities of John's so called "dance moves", the music fades and someone comes right behind John to pass him a microphone. Your eyebrow quirks as you didn't know it was time for karaoke. You didn't even know John even sang. The crowd on the dance floor are also intrigued and stop in their tracks to observe the situation.

"I, uh, didn't really prepare for this." John gives a half smile and a dry laugh, rubbing the back of his neck out of nervousness. You smile in confusion, eyes narrowing at him.

"John?"

"My love, I've known you for what seems like forever. I like to think that the moment I met you that fateful day, my life had started anew. Our dynamic, how we learn from one another, how we lean on each other through the thick and the thin. In a relationship, people assume that you have to give 50/50 but we're smarter than that. Some days I can give only 25% but you carry me on for the both of us. Other days you can only give me 25% and I give you what each other needs. Sometimes we forget who we are to other people because we see each other for who we are." You swallow harshly as John makes his way to where you are in the middle of the dance floor. The people surrounding you two had since made a circle around you two and begin to whisper to one another.

"That's the beauty of love. The layers of love are complex and what we have goes beyond that. Love is a journey, not a destination, and I want to be with you throughout this ride. So-"

You feel your heart racing to an abnormal heart rate. You clasp your hand over your mouth while you watch John drop down to one knee, place the microphone next to him, and pull out a velvet black box.

"Will you marry me?"

Tears stream down from your eyes with a wild mix of emotions. Everyone around you gasps and erupts in a thunderous applause. You nod excitedly, making the audience clap and cheer even louder. John comes in for a hug and lifts you off your feet. As he spins you around, he whispers into your ear.

“Well, will you at least be my girlfriend?”

You snort and let out a chuckle.

“Yes, a thousand times yes,” you reply to him as he drops you gently to your feet. Without hesitation, you bring John to your lips and kiss him like you craved this feeling for centuries. You hear an obnoxiously loud gasp from somewhere and you know exactly who it is. You stick your middle finger in the air to tell your cousin to shove off and that you have the high ground now. You hear stomps of heels click off with a sound of agonizing groans following behind.

You don’t dare open your eyes from this moment to observe whatever dumb reaction your cousin had caused. Nothing matters now. What matters is you, John, and you two kissing under these twinkling lights.

Notes for the Chapter:

to answer a little bit from the notes above, yeah, my parents got engaged at their friend's (? maybe friend? idk pero SOMEONE'S) wedding reception like! how iconic? again, thank y'all for reading and giving this work comments and kudos. every single one of you mean the WORLD to me and i appreciate your feedback. not enough thank yous to show you my appreciation

12. Underneath The Covers (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Hopper has had a long week of work and the two of you decide to just hang in for the night, drink a few beers and listen to old records. after a couple of drinks- y'all get a bit to far with them drunks and now you're just jamming out. then y'all get emotional over the songs."

Just you, Jim, some drinks, and the song that started it all

Notes for the Chapter:

before you say anything, no, it's not about what ur dirty mind is taking you. however, it's nerdy because it's the title of Ninja Sex Party's latest album (which you should definitely check out #notsponsored). just another fluffy piece with everyone's favorite man!! listened to a lot of era music for this so uuhhh...yeah

For the first time in awhile, you and Jim have a night to yourselves. No work, no responsibilities, no expectations to be met. You wind up outside on the porch of the cabin with a beer in one hand while your other hand is digging through a crate full of albums.

"You weren't kidding about your record collection," Jim lets out an airy laugh and takes another sip of his own drink. You want to chuck a record at his face but you shrug and give him a similar laugh.

"The last time I checked, record collecting wasn't a crime." You take the needle off the record and replace it with another classic album by Pink Floyd. The alcohol in your system sparks up once the first song begins to play. You hop up after the instruments start and pretend to play the drums. You make eye contact with Jim, pointing to him as you rock out on your air drums.

"So ya thought ya might like to go to the show," you slur sing before

you take another sip, “Tell me is something eluding you, sunshine? Is this not what you expected to see?”

Jim tosses his head back and places his empty hand on his chest to contain all the hearty laughs. You bait your boyfriend in with your awful dance moves, casting your invisible line towards him. You try to reel him in but he resists, taking another sip along with a head shake. There is a song out there for him, you just knew it. You spin around and place your bottle down before catastrophe could hit.

“Not your poison, huh? How about-” you stick your tongue out in concentration as you thumb through the crate once more. What would get Jim to get his ass out of that chair and join you in some drunken fun?

“What are you-?”

“Aha!”

Like magic, you hold up the dark colored album of Boston. You hear a clap from your overexcited boyfriend who then points at the album.

“You read my mind.” Jim hops out of his seat as you place the needle down to begin the first song. The familiar sounds of guitars and drums of “More Than A Feeling” fill the still fall air. Jim takes you into his arms and rocks you two gently. You press your hand on his shoulder and one that takes his hand into yours.

“Do you remember this song?”

“How could I not? It’s our song.”

The memory brings a grin to your face. Your first day on the job at Hawkins Police Station had gone on off on one hell of a hitch. The station was getting swamped with calls ranging from the normal to the strange. There was the cat that went missing but was just hiding in the backyard then the calls of a strong odor coming from somewhere. Turned out to be a kid trying to make a stink bomb to prank another kid. Back and forth you entered Jim’s office and you two instantly clicked. You both had a strong wit and smart comebacks to tell one another. Every time you entered his office, Jim

couldn't help but have a smile on his face. A week later, he asked you out on a date at the local diner. Your face became a shade of pink and you said yes.

At the diner, there sat a jukebox at the far end. Jim tried to impress you with something more than just words. He presses the number for "More Than A Feeling" by Boston and, as if the constituents in the diner were invisible, you and Jim danced like you were teenagers again.

That's when you knew he was the one.

You stifle a laugh as tears start to form at the corners of your eyes. Jim is already far gone as he uses the back of his hands to rub his eyes.

"We're both sappy shits," you cough out, earning a small laugh from your boyfriend.

"Hey, I'm proud to be a sappy shit with you." Jim kisses you on the forehead and continues to dance to the melody. You rest your head on his shoulder, allowing him to take you away from your own clouded mind into one where it's just him, you, and your song. Jim hums the rest of the song as you two fall silent. The steady, deep rhythm vibrates against your cheek and you sink deeper into him. Boston is right; this is more than just a feeling. Love is more than just a feeling

A rush of love is where you want to be with Jim forever.

Notes for the Chapter:

don't forget to leave comments and kudos down below!! love y'all!!

13. Doubt (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Hi! I was wondering if you could do a Jim Hopper X reader imagine where the reader is younger than him (26-29) and they get into a fight because Jim thinks that he'd to old for her and she just thinks that he'd embarrassed of her and she starts crying and it's all fluff from there? If that makes any sense that would be awesome! Thanks"

You had your own doubt about dating Jim. But when you realize that Jim, too, had his own doubts, you two feel at fault.

Notes for the Chapter:

don't worry!! there is definitely fluff at the end of this. hope y'all still love my mans hopper bc never forget a thicc bitch. created a minor OC at the beginning so uhhh we rolling w/ it

"Hey, Y/N!"

Your lips quirk up as you know who is walking down those steps of the building. Ryan, your colleague and friend, pants right before you and dips his head to catch a breath.

"Hiya, Ryan, what's got you out of breath this time?" you ask while you watch Ryan swallow another pant and raise his pointer finger at you.

"Funny you should ask. I tried to catch you before but man, are you fast even with heels on!" The moment makes you two break into a laugh. You look down and shuffle your black heeled feet about.

"I suppose you're right. No, but really, you looked like you were in a hurry. What's new? Did I forget something again?" You adjust the

book bag on your shoulder.

Ryan shakes his head. “No, not this time. No, I was meaning to congratulate you on your promotion. The article you did a few days ago was premier journalism; something I’ve only heard about in books. You definitely deserve all the praise in the world.”

You can feel a rouge blush across your cheeks. You place a hand on his upper arm and give it a pat.

“Thank you for the kind words. Truly. I’m still not over it if we’re being honest. Though I kind of feel like I don’t deserve it?”

Ryan searches your eyes and takes both of his hands to both of your arms. “Don’t doubt yourself, Y/N. You’re one of the best things to happen in Hawkins. I know you’re only a few years older than me but you’re like a mentor to me. This newspaper has never been the same since you’ve stepped foot into this building and that’s a good thing. Everyone here knows that you’re phenomenal.”

You can’t help but beam from ear to ear about how everyone thinks about you. With the overwhelming feeling of doubt constantly looming like a dark cloud over you, just hearing these words keeps the doubt at bay.

“Thank you, really. I don’t know who I would be without all of your support. Can I...can I give you a hug?” Your grin is still on your lips and Ryan nods, wrapping his arms around you. You tuck your hands under his and pat his back a few times. The sound of a familiar car honk disrupts the moment a little too soon.

“Ah, that’s my boyfriend. I’ll see you tomorrow, Ryan.” You wave goodbye to your friend and walk over to the passenger side of the truck. Like instinct, you say your hello, press a kiss on Jim’s cheek and settle in. The ride back to his place is an awfully quiet one but you reason it with another hard day at work. It’s happened before so you aren’t too bother. Instead, you occupy yourself by watching the large trees and greenery that line the road. The sun appears to jump from one treetop to the other, its rays glistening and dancing about. Before you know it, the truck turns into the cabin in the woods and you are whisked away from your daydream fog.

You expect Jim to help you with your things but when you turn to face him, he's already out of the truck, slamming the door as he departs. You wince at the sound, completely sidelined by your boyfriend's sudden behavioral change. You gather up your book bag and close the car door, rushing slightly to catch up to him before he can hole himself in your shared room.

"Hey, what the hell, babe?" You drop your things on the floor next to the front door. With his back still facing you, Jim stops, running a hand over his face then places them on his hips.

"I don't know what the hell I was thinking," he begins, causing more confusion in your face.

"Thinking what? What is going on?" You stretch out your arms to get a hold of Jim but he beats you to it, turning around and facing you. You notice that his eyes are filled with tears threatening to fall. But, why? What is happening right now?

"Getting into a relationship with you. As wrong as it may sound, I don't know what I was thinking that a woman ten years younger than me could ever truly be in love with me." His words stung you like a wasp. You drop your hand that had been in the air for a few seconds down to your sides.

You shake your head in confusion. "Why would you say such a bold statement?"

"You think I didn't see your conversation with your coworker? What is his name, hmm? God, I-" Jim huffs into his fist and closes his eyes to recollect himself. You take a shaky breath in.

"You think you're the only one who has those thoughts, huh? How come I can never visit you at work? Every time I offer to bring you lunch, you shut me down with some bullshit excuse. I-I-I have gotten the impression that you are embarrassed to call me your girlfriend in front of your colleagues. Like, I am too young to be even be associated with me." With the final words, the floodgates had come undone. You can feel yourself get tense as the seconds grow. You never knew Jim felt that way about being with you and he certainly didn't know about how you felt about his behavior.

You both realize that you never truly honest with each other on how you felt. It felt awful to only realize this now with tears in each other's eyes and spewing out years of repressed emotion.

"You know I love you."

"And I love you, too."

"But you need to be more confident in yourself to know that you are more than enough to me." You bridge the gap between the two of you and place a soft hand on Jim's tear soaked cheek. He presses his warm hand over yours and looks at you with gentle eyes.

"And you should know that I am more than proud of you."

"I guess we just suck at communicating sometimes," you joke, a small laugh escaping your lips in the middle of another few tears that fall down your face. With his free hand, Jim pulls you in even closer where your bodies are touching.

"I'm sorry that you felt that way. Ryan is a good friend, nothing more. You shouldn't always jump to extreme conclusions, it's not good for your health." You kiss the tip of Jim's nose that causes him to smile.

"Know that I wish I could scream at the top of my lungs to know that you are with me. Sometimes the jackasses at the station can't stop putting me through some shit. I'm sorry if you were made to be a second choice." Jim takes the hand on his check and kisses the palm of your hand, moving to pepper kisses on your knuckles.

"You are never second choice."

You press your forehead on his beard. "Well, I consider myself a priority to me so you're going to have to share that top spot."

For the first time, Jim lets out a hearty guffaw. The hum that follows warms you up from the inside as you two embrace.

"Of course. So, how about we have lunch tomorrow?"

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you all for your support! do leave some
comments and kudos below! love u

14. The Monster Within (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"One is mind controlled and forced to fight the other"
"The other refusing to harm them and getting seriously injured as consequence" "The person coming to and seeing what theyve done" Hey there, I was scrolling down you blog after reading one of you fics (that I adored) and found a long list of trope clichés that I absolutely loved. But while their cliché I have yet to read any jim hopper x reader fics with the tropes above and would be much happy if you could write it ~:)"

The wicked entity consumed your body like it had the right to such a vessel. Beyond the gray eyes and the darkness that seemed to permeate from the monster, Jim knew you were still in there. He held onto that glimmer of hope.

Notes for the Chapter:

It feels good to be back, guys, gals, and non-binary pals! Experimenting a little bit with my writing and how I format my fics for y'all. We start the new year off with an old fave character of mine, Hopper. A bit of a forewarning though. This fic is a little violent but I do promise it is not too graphic or intensely descriptive (fun fact, I'm afraid of blood). I, myself, found it kinda difficult to write some of the scenes but I also promise there is angsty fluff at the end.

This is not you.

Jim stares in disbelief down the vacant hallway, lights flickering above, as you, the ghost of you, stands on the opposite side. He would be lying if he said he wasn't a bit scared shitless but he knows deep inside, you are still in there. That "thing" is mind controlling you but they haven't consumed your entire being.

"You cannot flee this fight, Jim," your voice oozes with a sinister note. A smirk graces your lips as your eyes turn to a grayish discoloration. Jim swallows harshly while you stare at him intently from your side. He looks down at the gun in his hands then back at you, hands trembling as he discharges the ammo and tosses the gun to the side.

"I will not fight you, Angel. I will never harm the woman I love," he shouts down the corridor. For a moment there, he swore he saw your facial features soften but the thing kept persisting inside of you.

"Aw, admirable, but that shit won't work around here." Your mind controlled body barrels down to get to Jim, arms outstretched to grab his shoulders to bring him down. With your newfound strength, you manage to shove him up against the wall, hand clutched around his neck. Jim places his hand over yours, struggling underneath your strength.

"This isn't you!" Jim screams to you to try and wake up your subconscious and overcome this possession. His efforts don't work as he is flung across the hallway like a rag doll. He huffs, coughing from the blow to his lungs, trying desperately to regain his strength. Jim's eyes follow you as you saunter your way towards him. Your black boots click with every step and you adjust your leather jacket as if this was only a minor setback.

You kneel down next to him and place a soft hand on his cheek. "You're stronger than I expected."

With that, you grab his arm and twist it, tossing his body over your shoulder, then slamming him again against the glass door. The sheer force of Jim's body cracks the door but not enough to completely shatter the glass. Jim hisses as bits and pieces of glass pierces his back but in the grand scheme of things, the pain is minor compared to seeing you, the love of his life, being controlled like this. Your mind controlled self spins Jim around and delivers a heavy blow to his chest, causing him to step backwards from the impact. He cowers a bit, trying to catch his breath when you kick him with your foot with your entire might. Jim's body continues to take whatever you throw at him with no sign of putting up any sort of defense.

“Fight back, you coward! I have her now!” A voice unlike your own seeps out of your mouth. Jim begins to laugh, shaking his head in the process.

“No, you don’t. You’re more of a coward than I am. You have to possess a woman and a young boy to release your powers. Now that is not real power.” Jim knew talking back to a literal monster could spell bad news but if all it took was a few taunting words to get you back, he would take anything thrown at him. You had to come back, you were going to come back.

The monster inside you tilts your head and frowns. “You want to see real power? All you had to do was ask.”

With an eerie scream, your mind controlled hand scratches the side of Jim’s face, digging deep with your fingernails. Blood trickles down his cheek but he knows he can handle this. You clock him right under his jaw and cause him to back up onto the wall again. You continue to deliver punch after punch with each punch causing more pain than before. Jim continues to take it as he watches your features.

He remembers one time during your birthday when he picked out your favorite flower for your birthday. He slipped a flower into your hair and you smothered him with kisses as a thank you. The night ended with you two watching the stars on the bunk of his truck, cuddled in a blanket and listening to a random radio station play love songs all night.

This is not you.

A trickling stream of blood brings Jim back to reality and the monster inside you staring daggers at him. Monster you huffs, chest rising and falling violently with every breath.

“You still hold out hope?”

“Of course I do.”

But the monster still had a firm grasp on your conscious and apparently on his neck. Jim finds himself in the air not even a second after the conversation. With a loud thud, he presses himself up with

the palm of his hand. He winces in pain as he realizes the rough landing on his right arm may have caused a broken bone somewhere. Still, the pain is insignificant when the real pain is seeing a soulless you staring you down.

He hated how the monster had violated you. Jim wishes he could attack the monster within you without doing harm to you but that just isn't the reality. He wants the monster to leave you at peace, to have you have control of your own body again. But that anger stays harbored when Jim knows he can get you out of the grasp of that ugly thing.

Gray eyes lock onto him with such fervor that it makes a chill go down his spine. Another hand grabs his neck that forces him off the ground then his head is thrown back into the wall. The wall gives way to the force and cracks a giant hole into it. Jim then gets thrown back into the ground, lightheaded as all getup from the unexpected head pounding. Before long, the ghost of you returns with a mighty grip around his neck.

"Remember in October when you wanted...to pick your own pumpkins," Jim speaks softly, tasting the familiar taste of iron in his mouth. The hand is still there and doesn't appear to let go anytime soon. He presses on.

"I told you I was...too busy at the station to travel up north. But you were persistent...something I damn admire about you," he breathes in sharply as nails begin to claw at the side of his neck.

"Next thing I know, I walk into the station and get shooed away from...Florence like I was an unwanted pest. Tried to ask her what...she was doing and all she said was that...you had called beforehand. When I walk out, you're standing there...a picnic basket in hand and...you said I had a day off. God, I couldn't help...but kiss you and ask where we were going. Angel, I know you are...in there somewhere. Please...let her go, you bastard." Tears start to well up around the corners of his eyes and allow them to fall. He closes his eyes as he feels like his body is about to give up under him.

When he thought he could no longer bear the pain, the pressure around his neck eases slowly. Coughing, Jim moves his head to find

your unconscious body right next to him. He gathers all his strength to prop himself up and pull you into his arms.

“Angel, Angel,” Jim whispers, moving the hair that had fallen on your face to the side. The gentle touch makes your eyes flutter open. You don’t recognize your surroundings at all and startle at the new environment. You weren’t here an hour ago, let alone ten hours ago. Where- no- why are you here? Your vision begins to become clearer as your eyes focus on the head hovering over you.

“Jim?” you mutter out. His reaction isn’t what you expect from him. He bursts out into tears and places his forehead onto yours, feeling the coolness from his wet skin. You move your hand to get a better hold of yourself.

“Honey, what- what is going on? Why are you bleeding-?” Then it hits you like a train.

You remember the possession, how you stepped into Hawkins Laboratory trying to find your husband and to say hello to Joyce and her son, Will. Suddenly, you can hear a roar that mimicked that of a vile creature. The corridor you were standing slowly started to be consumed into darkness that even a flashlight couldn’t penetrate through. Darkness began to engulf you and before you know it, you became a whole other entity, a dangerous monster that warped your very being, even right down to your clothes.

Though it would take a few hours before the laboratory started to become overrun by the very shadow monster and their companions started to infest. It started with you, then it came after Will, and the whole place had been surrounded.

Until now.

“Did I...did I do that to you?” You are almost afraid of the answer. With trembling hands, you cup Jim’s cheek into your palm. His hand slides over yours, just as shaky as yours.

“It wasn’t your fault.”

“Jim- I-I-I’m so sorry.” Your breath almost gives way into a sob. You

felt violated that the monster took over you with no hesitation. You couldn't help but feel like your own body caused so much harm onto the person you love.

"Don't apologize, no, it wasn't you." Jim shakes his head and brings you in for a hug. Your whole body begins to tremble as you give into the sob from the back of your throat.

"I know it wasn't you." Jim repeats to you in a low voice while you two console one another in the floor. You run your hand over his hair and comb through it while your husband begins to draw soothing figures along your back. You help each other calm down after the devastating aftermath the monster had left behind.

Once you felt like you have regained your composure, you take a look around at the corridor. Several light fixtures were hanging by a thread, a gigantic hole on the wall had caught your attention, and the broken glass door at the end of the hallway also caught your eye. You glance back to Jim and shake your head.

"I did all of this damage?" You swallow hard, knowing full well that there was only one answer to that question.

"The monster did. Not you." Jim places a kiss on your forehead, feeling the scruffy beard along your skin, and rubs his hands against your arm. You observe that you did not feel pain anywhere on your body like you thought you should, almost like you left that battle unscathed. Compared to the damage inflicted onto your husband, you can't believe you came out of that without a single scratch.

"You didn't fight back." You blink your eyes a bit at your realization.

Jim nods in confirmation. "I couldn't fight back. Every time I saw you, beyond the gray eyes and the darkness around you, I knew you were still in there. I couldn't harm the woman I love."

You rest your head on his chest and stay there for the time being. You look down to take a good look at the exact outfit you are wearing. You definitely don't remember owning a leather jacket in your closet, let alone wearing this exact ensemble when first walking through the doors of this establishment.

“When did I start wearing leather?” You let out an airy laugh. Jim kisses the top of your head and begins to laugh alongside with you.

This is you.

Notes for the Chapter:

thank you so much for reading my story! don't forget to leave some comments and kudos down below.

15. Cold Case (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

"Anyway, the classic "staying at a motel but they give the wrong room and theres one bed but its too late to change and they stubbornly fight over who has couch" cliché. Mabye the power gets knocked out so does the heat. It seeming to always be cold as fuck in the series so they have to cuddle in order to stay warm. Badda bing badda boom"

When the trail of your case leads you two into several towns over, you and Jim run into a bump in the metaphorical road when the weather shifts for the worst. As you enter into some rundown, off-the-road motel, you two realize one problem: there is only one bed in this room.

Notes for the Chapter:

Truly...wylin. Did some research about the climate of Indiana and what the...societal climate was back then. Hope I did this request justice. It's an overused trope but a beloved trope at that. Tweaked the request a tiny bit.

"Home sweet home."

You can hear the sarcasm dripping in Jim's voice as he speaks. You shake your head while you close the trunk of the truck with your belongings in hand.

"Can't believe this shitty motel only had one room for the night. What kind of bullshit business is this?" You lift up your knee to get a better support on the heavy luggage. The bag contained most of your gear for the research you and Jim were doing in the next town over from Hawkins. A crime that had happened in Hawkins had a suspect

in a different city so it turned out to be a collaborative effort between both police stations to crack the case. However, due to unforeseeable weather issues, the trip back to Hawkins became stalled. There was a reason you didn't enjoy northern Indiana much: the frigid cold.

Luckily for the two of you, a bright, glowing sign with the appropriately titled "Lucky Motel" was like a light sent from above. The front desk attendant didn't spare no suggestive looks between the both of you as Jim tries to get a room for that night. You couldn't help but smirk at how the attendant could read you for what you were truly thinking: you had a crush on Jim and being on this short trip even deepened the feeling.

Jim sticks the key into the keyhole and twists it to the right. With a little help from the winter wind, the door blows open and some snow falls inside the room.

"What an entrance," Jim says as he feels for the light switch on the wall. Once the lights flood the small room, you stop in your tracks at the discovery.

"One bed."

"The lady said there would be two!"

Oh, the woman knew exactly what she was doing.

Setting the equipment back on the small table closest to the window, you sigh and watch Jim close the door behind you. You two stand there and examine the situation. One bed, one couch, two chairs for this filthy side table, one dresser with a television set, and some ugly yellow carpeting throughout.

"At least it's cozy." You nod to yourself, finally finding something nice to say.

But with all good things, everything isn't all that it appears. As if on cue, the lights turn off and shower you two in darkness.

"God-"

"Jim, you know how I feel about that word."

Jim huffs out a stifled laugh. He places his hands on his hips and looks down to you. You manage to crack a smile at him, easing a bit of the tension in the room. Jim reaches for the light switch, hoping that maybe this was only a shortage and not a complete outage. You watch out the window and notice that the sign to the motel is dark along with all the lamps outside each room door. A frustrated sigh tops the vigorous switch fiasco.

“Don’t think this will get fixed in the next hour or so. We should try to get some sleep,” Jim advises, crossing over you to walk towards the couch. You pull his forearm back and shake your head.

“You did most of the driving here. You can take the bed.” You start to undo your ponytail when he parrots your previous action.

“No, take the bed. I’ve slept in worse.” Jim tries to reassure you by sealing the deal with a smile that crinkles his eyes just the way you like it. You press a hand on his chest and playfully shove him backwards.

“If you are only giving me the bed because I’m a woman, sweetie, you are barking up the wrong tree.”

Several years with being the only female police officer definitely had its setbacks. You were used to being treated as fragile, sometimes even inferior, but you never let that shit get to you. Being a police officer was a childhood dream of yours and you wouldn’t trade your decision for the world. Your mother wanted you to become a secretary like her but you knew you had to be the example you needed when you were younger. If doing something you love came with obstacles from both men and women, so be it.

“God, no,” Jim waves his hands in front of him, “it’s that, you know, this is your case and I am merely your Robin to your Batman.”

Gosh, you really do love this nerd.

You giggle at the cheesiness of his statement. A strong wind force presses against the window, making the two of you turn around to observe the oncoming snow. You make your way over to the right side of the bed and pull the top cover of the bed to reveal the white

linen sheet underneath. It wasn't long until the lack of heat takes affect in the room. You shudder as a chill runs down your body, causing goosebumps to form over your skin. Without the electricity, the heater could not function. What a fun road trip.

You flash a glance over at your partner who placed his hat on top of your duffel bag.

"How much do you wanna bet that the power won't come back on until morning?" Jim asks, turning to you.

"I don't want to place a bet I know I will lose." You pull your legs under the blanket but the blanket simply did not produce enough warmth for your taste. You bring your jacket closer to your chest to try and get something going for you but to no avail. Carefully, you lift your head up to observe your partner, stretching his long legs on the couch. The couch had been too small to accommodate such a large man so his legs stuck out like a sore thumb. A giggle ruptures from you without a second thought.

"Aren't you cold, Hopper?" You shake your head at him then bring your knees closer to your chest.

"Me? Not even in the slightest. In fact, I'm so hot that I'm gonna keep my jacket on."

"Well," you drawl out, "I'm freezing. If you're a human heater, help me out here."

It must have been the drop in temperature for the flirtatious words to slip out. Your heart quickens as you realize what you just said. The what ifs start to play out in your mind as time begins to slow down. What if Jim didn't feel the same about you? What if he wanted to just be friends, or even sadder, just acquaintances? What if he rejects you or ostracizes you for letting your true feelings show?

What if-

The sound of the springs squeaking as the bed bounces on your left snaps you out of your head. You turn to watch Jim take off his boots at the side of the bed. He pushes the tucked blanket and slips

underneath the covers.

“Did someone order a personal heater?” Jim’s voice is smooth, reflecting much like your flirty advancement. He stretches his arms out for you to nestle into. You sink further into the blanket as you pull it over your shoulders and place your head on his right arm.

“I-Is it okay if I place my hand on your waist?” Jim asks, hearing the subtle harsh swallow he tries to conceal.

“Yeah, yeah, go ahead.” You two adjust to the new arrangement. This wasn’t your first time cuddling but it has been a hot second since your last relationship. With your new position at your other police station, you knew bigger and better things were in store for you. You left a long-running relationship because of your job at Hawkins but you don’t regret a single second. Your breath hitches when Jim’s stubble rubs against your cheek.

Goosebumps riddle throughout your skin at the sudden contact. You felt warm being in his arms, safe from any potential harm. The way his chest rose and fell against your back brought you ease of mind. You hum in satisfaction as you never want this moment to end.

“H-Hey,” Jim says your name and you turn over to come face-to-face with him. Your eyes wonder all over his face to try and analyze what might be coming your way.

“Yeah?” You watch his eyes look down at the white sheets. He chuckles to himself as he rehearses the next words to say.

“Mm, God, I’m terrible at this.” His chuckle vibrates within your entire being. You loved his laugh and to be close enough to feel him, to be wrapped up in his entire being, you wanted to be there forever.

“What?” The moonlight pours through the blinds on the window and illuminates Jim’s face softly, enough to see his growing blush. You nestle further into his extended arm to test out the waters.

Jim closes his eyes to cherish the feeling of you like he’s afraid that this is all but just a dream. Ever since you stepped foot into the station with your head held high as you are introduced, he couldn’t

help but keep his eyes on you. You were like a breath of fresh air, eager to get on the job and tackle anything that came your way. He would scowl any one of his fellow colleagues if they even slightly criticized you in any way even if you could handle the criticism yourself. They could all learn from you and you even learned a few tricks from them as well.

You go with the gusto and with your free hand, your fingers trail down his jawline. Jim places a hand over yours and automatically warming your frigid fingers. In that moment, you knew the feeling you had was mutual.

“Can I kiss you?” Jim observes you carefully. A warm sensation runs through your body as you never thought this moment would ever come.

“I thought you’d never ask. Yes, of course.”

Your lips crash into his like you’ve been out of practice for a long time. Jim’s lips are slightly chapped, a hint of alcohol from the night before still lingering in his mouth. You don’t mind since after all, you probably had the same breath. You wrap your arms around his neck as he moves to get on top of you. Jim caresses your hips with a gentle hand. He was always the reckless type but when it came to you, there was nothing but careful moves. A smile forms on your lips as your reality hits. You pull away slightly then move your hand down to his cheek.

“I like you, Jim,” you whisper in the space between you two.

“And I like you, too.”

“We should both takes this slow since I haven’t been in a relationship in awhile-”

“Yeah, with the station and our jobs-”

You both stop as you begun to talk over one another. You laugh at how absolutely messy you two are being right now. Jim takes the hand on his cheek and cradles in into his then places a small kiss on your knuckles.

“Slowly, we can start slowly.” Jim’s voice reassures you. You take a deep breath and perk your head up a bit.

“Does ‘slowly’ include heavy kissing?”

Jim snorts at your question. “Of course.”

The electricity slowly hums to life around you but you two become too caught up into each other to even notice. The “Lucky Motel” sign brilliantly lights up and showers both of you in its luminescent glory. Even if the case you were chasing ended up at a dead end, at least you knew it wasn’t for nothing.

And you definitely had to thank that motel attendant the next morning.

Notes for the Chapter:

thank u for reading, leaving comments, kudos, and
being a good person. bless u

16. Don't Look Back (Jim Hopper/reader)

Summary for the Chapter:

Saving Jim had been your number one priority when going down the Upside Down. You never thought you would end up being the one needing a rescue.

Notes for the Chapter:

this had been a wip for a bit but finally it's here! tiny bit canon divergent to fit the story.

You twirl the machete in your hand as you stare down the ominous tunnel.

“Back on this monster hunting bullshit I see.”

The Upside Down was no new news to you but being up close and personal to the actual being is both terrifying and fascinating. But you knew there is no time to marvel at something out of this world. You had one mission and that is to retrieve your boyfriend from whatever creatures are down here.

Joyce had insisted she join you on your expedition to find Jim after you refused help, saying it would be best to go alone to avoid any unnecessary casualties. But Joyce is stronger than she looks and won't allow you to make a reckless decision out of selflessness. With Bob, Will, and Mike guarding outside of the tunnel up top, you and Joyce begin to trek down the slippery unknown.

“Do you trust me?” Joyce's voice echoes on the walls. You put down your machete and flashlight to give her a confused look.

“Of course I do. You're like a sister to me.” You offer her a small smile.

“Whatever happens-”

“We are not going to die today, Joyce. Not on my wa-” You are cut short when you hear an eerie screech down the tunnel. You both turn

with your flashlights at the same time towards the noise. A shadow creature lurks into view and the two of you freeze for a moment before your instinct kicks in to raise your weapon and slice the terrifying creature. Not knowing when the next creature would come, you two walk quickly to get to the bottom of everything.

Tiny white flurries hover over the air you breath and for a second you thought if it was harmful to inhale all this in. With that added bonus, you had to find Jim before your health deteriorates by whatever is in the air. You skip then sprint to catch up to your friend. Before you could go any further, you bump into Joyce and look around as to why she had stopped. In front of you laid out an open area with things dropping from the ceilings like veins from a tree. Your feet make noise as you tread slowly through the goeey substance.

“What is this place?” Joyce asks, in awe at how vast the Upside Down truly is. A shiver travels down your spine as you hear a faint echo of what sounded like a growl in the distance.

“I rather not ask questions I don’t want the answers to,” you breath out slowly. You move your flashlight over down one tunnel then to the next. You shake your head at the conundrum; either walk through your death or walk through a different death. With a disappointed breath, you nudge Joyce into the direction you felt most sure about until your foot gets caught up on something. A gasping noise makes your eyes immediately turn towards the ground with your flashlight shining a light on whatever creature it may be.

Then you realize this isn’t a creature at all. It’s Jim, trapped under what looked like roots. Your heartbeat begins to quicken, cold running down your veins at seeing your lover in such a state. Joyce begins to hack her way at the roots with her ax to try and get Jim out. The sudden commotion suddenly alerts whatever hellbent creatures are down here as their shadows begin to dance along the tunnel walls.

“You take care of Jim as I take care of these damn creatures!” you yell out to Joyce who is still hard at work trying to save a life. At once, two dog-like creatures plummet down your way. You get one then the next with ease but the job is far from over. One swing after

another, the body count slowly rising towards the double digits until you hear the cry of Joyce and the sound of Jim's voice calling your name.

"Keep them back!" you call out to the two as they try their best to keep these vicious creatures away from themselves. When you thought all this might have been over, you turn around to face one of the creatures. You don't expect them to be behind you which causes your hand let go of your only weapon. The creature watches your every move like a hawk, not allowing you to pick the machete up. You try to get the attention of Jim and Joyce but realize you had to do this alone.

The creature lunges at you, immediately going for your flashlight. You push back as you shove your flashlight in between their teeth. The creature falls to the ground but doesn't give up for a second. Before the ground could suck your machete in, you instantly grab the weapon. With one swift motion, the creature bounces on you again and this time knocks you against the wall. Veins begin to creep around you but you push back even hard with your machete. You can tell the creature is getting tired of this dance when they drop their attention from the weapon to your body. Like a primal instinct, it sinks its gruesome teeth into your flesh, the immediate pain causing you to scream. The adrenaline begins to kick in as you raise your machete deep into the creature's skull. They try to move their head to dodge your blows but they still don't give up on their grip on your waist. Your feet slowly start to buckle due to the lack of blood flow from the wound but you continue to push through the pain.

One last time, you give one last hit and knock the creature out cold. The machete sticks to the skull of the creature and you let out a shaky breath. The taste of iron was never a good friend of yours. You watch the others take down the last of the creatures and turn to you.

"Are you okay? I heard you screaming." Jim is the first to rush to your side. You shake your head and wave him off.

"Adrenaline, babe." You give him a positive smile to offset how much excruciating pain you really are in. You get closer to your boyfriend and smother him into a much anticipated hug. Jim closes his eyes to memorize how you feel around him, how he has missed being close

to you. Ever since the Upside Down began to consume him, he thought he would never get to hold you again. Jim plants a small kiss on your hair and breathes out slowly.

You pull away to examine your boyfriend. “Are you hurt?”

“I, uh, yeah. One sucker got my leg. Hurts a little.” Jim readjusts his weight to the less injured leg but winces. You shake your head at how stubborn your man can be.

Joyce taps on both of your shoulders and moves her head towards the exit. “Don’t mean to interrupt but I think we should get going.”

Your eyes draw away from your boyfriend’s eyes to Joyce’s then to her weapon. You point towards the ax and ask if you can borrow it.

“Kinda lost mine to that awful creature. Take Jim with you. His leg is injured and needs support. I’ll keep back to fight off any bastards.” You nod to her then look up to your boyfriend. His mouth curves up slightly at how you have taken authority of the situation. Jim bends down to lay a soft kiss on your lips and you welcome the much needed affection.

Hopefully it won’t be your last.

Right when they turn their backs away from you, you clutch your waist and put some pressure on the wound. Your body hates it, sending out a shock wave of intense pain right up your body. You want to cry out and yell out expletives but you can’t worry the rest of the two, especially with Jim already hurting. He’s been through enough trying to help with all this wild shit and Joyce has been through hell and back. You didn’t want to put more worry and stress on them, not right now. You can handle this, you tell yourself. You can fight through this.

But you couldn’t. You felt yourself gripping along the wall of the tunnel, its thick, gooey substance rubbing off your hands. Your sense of reality slowly begins to slip but you do not falter. Another wave of pain sends you to a whole other level of pain you never knew existed. You clench your teeth to avoid making any type of noise. If a groan were to be heard, all the worry would then fall on you instead of

getting everyone out of here alive. The bite continues to throb against your waist, blood gushing out with every step you take. This is better than being dead, maybe? Your hand tries to stabilize yourself again by pressing your arm against the gooey wall. But Jim will be taken care of. You did what you had to do to protect your two best friends in the world.

Warmth took over your left hand with your own blood staining your shirt. You look down and immediately become woozy from the horrid sight. How the hell have you not heeled over and given up? Adrenaline is one hell of a drug.

Joyce helps Jim up by propping him up with her shoulder as he leans on her. Jim felt this is a bit unnecessary but wanted you to have some peace of mind that he wasn't going to be reckless again that same night. Joyce cranes her neck over Jim's massive arms to make sure you're still right behind them. To her dismay, she finds you clutching the side of your waist. It may sure as hell be dim in the tunnel but she knows the sight of blood when she sees it.

She exclaims your name but Joyce's voice only echoes in your ears. You move your head up but the movement had become hard to do.

"Why are you bleeding? W-what happened?" Jim limps over to your side as you feel yourself lose grip of the world around you. Joyce is also next to you, helping you up to your feet. You wince as you straighten up your body and expose the wound to the elements.

"I fucked up," you say in a weary voice. You close your eyes when you take a step forward with Joyce. Jim also helps you with supporting you with his shoulders.

"You still haven't answered my question," Jim reiterates along with a stern voice tied along with your name at the end of his sentence. Joyce tells him that he will get answers as soon as everyone makes it back to the surface. She yells out towards the opening above to warn that she is in need of extra hands to help you up. You roll your head back slightly and Jim stops in his tracks to make sure you hadn't passed out on him. While Joyce tries to tie the rope somewhere on an uninjured part of you, your eyes flutter open briefly. You run your hand gently through Jim's soft but slightly greasy hair. You smirk to

yourself.

“To save you, silly.”

You feel a pull towards the opening on the ground. Before you can go any further, you feel a kiss pressed along your temple. You savor the tiny gesture of love as darkness lulls you to sleep.

Notes for the Chapter:

sorry for cutting this series a bit short! i plan on doing a lot more writing on my tumblr (angelwrote) and will periodically update here on ao3 with stories i like. thank again for your undying support for my writing! every comment, every kudo, every rec, thank you, thank you, thank you!!